Mr. TASTE,

OR, THE

POETICAL FOP;

OR, THE

MODES

OF THE

COURT.

A

COMEDY.

By the Author of the OPERA of *VANELIA*, or the Amours of the Great.

That I the Humour of this Age may hit,
Where Blockheads often sneer for want of Wit;
Fools of each various Cast I hither call,
With Sawny Taste, who in one Fool is all.

LONDON,
Printed for E. RANNER, and Sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country.
(Price One Shilling and Six Pence.)

BOOKS lately Publiſh'd by E. RAYNER, *at the Pamphlet-Shop next the* George-Tavern, Charing-Croſs.

I. *VANELIA:* or, the Amours of the Great. An OPERA. As it is Acted by a Private Company near *St. James's.* The Fourth Edition, Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

II. The Fate of *Corſica:* or, the Female Politician. A COMEDY. Written by a Lady of Quality. Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

III. The *Merry Maſqueraders*: or, the Humorous Cuckold. A Comedy. Price One Shilling.

IV. Memoirs of Love and Gallantry; or, the various Foibles of the Fair diſplay'd in a real Hiſtory of ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction. Price One Shilling.

V. The Tryal of Father *John Baptiſt-Girard*, on an Accuſation of Quietiſm, Sorcery, Inceſt, Abortion and Subornation, before the great Chamber of Parliament at *Aix*, at the Inſtance of Miſs *Mary-Catherine Cadiere.* With a Preface by Mr. C----, a learned Refugee at the *Hague.* The Second Edition corrected. Price One Shilling.

VI. The whole Proceedings in the *Arches-Court* of *Canterbury*, in a Cauſe between the Hon. Miſs *Catherine Weld*, Daughter to the Lord *Aſton*, and *Edward Weld*, Eſq; her Husband. To which is prefix'd a Preface, by the Author of the Tryal of Father *Girard* and Miſs *Cadiere.* Price One Shilling.

VII. The Fall of *Mortimer.* An Hiſtorical PLAY. Revived from *Mountfort.* With Alterations. As it is now Acted at the New Theatre in the *Hay-Market.* The Fourth Edition corrected. With Additions by the Reviver. Price One Shilling and Six-pence.

Dramatis Perſonae.

MEN,

Sir *William Heartfree*,	A Widower, in love with *Lady Airy*.
Mr. *Briton*,	His Friend, a worthy *Engliſh* Gentleman,
Harry Oldcaſtle,	A worn-out Fop, an Acquaintance and profeſſed Friend to both.
Lord *Squat*,	Who affects to paſs for the Huſband of *Phrodita*.
Sir *John Paroquete*,	A Rake, that is vain of his Vices.
Mr. *Alexander Taſte*,	A Poet who, in ſpite of deformity, imagines every Woman he ſees in love with him, and imprudently makes Addreſſes to *Lady Airy*.
Sir *William Addle*,	A Coxcomb, or Rake, pretending to Wit and Eloquence.
Bob Maſqwell,	His Creature.
Colonel Selfiſh,	Gallant to *Lady Addle*.
Truſty,	Steward to Mr. *Briton*.
Dick,	Footman to Sir *William Heartfree*.

WOMEN.

Lady Airy,	A young Widow of Fortune, Wit, and Merit, but ſtrangely whimſical.
Mrs. *Briton*,	A Lady of Beauty, and Virtue, but miſerably covetous, Wife to Mr. *Briton*.
Lady Addle,	Wife to Sir *William*, drove to Extremities, by his barbarous Uſage, tho' ſhe brought him a large fortune, now lodges at *Bob Maſqwell's*.
Conſtantia,	Kept by Sir *John Paroquete*, an extravagant affected Strumpet.
Betty Puff,	A Barber's Wife, kept by *Harry Oldcaſtle*.
Phrodita,	An Heireſs, very maſculine, and fond of maſculine Diverſions, in love with her Maid.

THE POETICAL FOP: OR, THE Modes *of the* COURT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Room in Mr.* Briton's *House.*

Enter Mr. Briton, *his* Lady, *and* Madamoiſelle Flipant. [*He ſmiles.*]

Mrs. BRITON.

DOES my Prudence and Care move your Mirth?

Mr. Briton. Indeed, my Dear, you are very pretty. [*Laughing.*]

Mrs. Briton. And too inſignificant, in your Opinion, to deſerve a ſerious Anſwer.

Mr. Briton. 'Tis impoſſible to think of Buſineſs when I look at you: beſides, I don't underſtand domeſtick Affairs; that's your Province, *Patty.*

Mrs. Briton. Say rather that your Head is ſo fill'd with political Whims, that you have no Leiſure to think of any thing elſe: The Servants may be as extravagant as they pleaſe, eat, drink, waſte, break all the things in the Houſe, goſſip, and treat their Trigeremates 'till Doom's-day for all you care.

Mr. Brit. Would you have me be ridiculous enough to mind ſuch Trifles? prithee leave off theſe little ſordid Humours, and let the Servants have ſome Comfort of their Lives: You have made your ſelf a Town-talk, a perfect Proverb in every Family of Faſhion; the Men and Maids never ſit down to Dinner without remembring you.

Mrs. Briton. Remembring me! for what?

Mr. Briton. Why, for grudging your Servants Victuals, and ſcolding from Morning 'till Night: An arch Huſſey at next Door ſaid, in my hearing, that fine Mrs. *Briton* began to decay mightily; Paſſion had tarniſh'd her Complection, and the Covetouſneſs of her Heart had already fill'd her Forehead with Wrinkles. Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Briton. 'Tis very well; I am not only become your Jeſt, but you take Pleaſure in hearing me abus'd and bely'd by Scoundrels, [*Cries*] but I'll be reveng'd of you, and all the Family round; there ſhall be no Peace in this Houſe this Month, I aſſure you.

Mr. Briton. If that be your Reſolution, I aſſure you, my Dear, I ſhall go out of Town.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir *William Heartfree* and Mr. *Oldcaſtle* deſire to ſpeak with your Honour.

Mr. Briton. I'll wait on them inſtantly.

[*Exit Servant.*

Mr. Briton. If they ſtay to Dinner, I'll affront them; the beſt Eſtate in *England* would ſoon be waſted

waſted at this Rate of going on: A new Contribution, I ſupoſe, for the Uſe of the Party.

Mr. Briton. Good *Patt*, don't expoſe your ſelf, and force me to ſay harſh Things to you: Come ſmile, and be good-humour'd; remember that Providence has bleſs'd us with an Eſtate, that will allow of ſpending twice as much as we do at preſent: I know you'll take Pains to convince me, that my Friends are welcome, by the Elegance of the Dinner, and the Chearfulneſs of your Countenance. [*Exit* Mr. *Briton*.

Mrs. Briton. Yes, they ſhall find how welcome they are; was ever any thing ſo monſtrouſly rude as Mr. *Briton*? what think you of it, *Madamoiſelle*?

Mad. Your Ladyſhip muſt conſider it is de Nature of de *Engliſh* da know noting of Politeneſs, 'till da have been in *France*?

Mrs. Briton. My Spouſe has profited but little by being there.

Mad. I rader tink he has forgot; it is a long Time ſince he was dare: You muſt perſwade him to take a Tour dis Summer, Madam; it will be much to your Advantage, I aſſure you; he will learn to ſave a great deal in Houſe-keeping. Why, dare comes as much Meat to your Table in one Day as would ſerve de whole Family of a Marſhal of *France* for a Month.

Mrs. Briton How can that be, I have heard they have a vaſt Number of Diſhes?

Mad. Dat is very true, but den da are very little: and da Fricas, and de Petite Patte, de Shoda and de Soup, make de greateſt part of dem: why, dare is not five Pound of Fleſh in dem all.

Mrs. Briton. But, what have the Servants?

Mad. Why, de Soup Meagre.

Mrs. Briton. And what is that made of?

Mad. Of da Roots and da Herbs.

Mrs. Briton. But what Meat?

Mad. Oh! no Meat; and yet de Servants have dar Health better dan de *Engliſh.*

Mrs. Briton. If you will teach the Cook, our Gueſts ſhall be treated with a Soup-meagre to-day.

Mad. Wid all my Heart Madam.

[*Exit Mr.* Briton, *and* Madamoiſelle.

Enter Mr. Briton, *Sir* William Heartfree, and *Harry* Oldcaſtle.

Har. Old. Dear Knight, be perſwaded, and quit he Purſuit; be wiſe, and venture no more into the dangerous Gulf call'd Matrimony: Gad, I'd forfeit a Limb to get out; and yet my Spouſe is ſo perfectly *French*, that ſhe has not the leaſt notion of Jealouſie. I don't know how it is; but I am ſo much an *Engliſhman*, ſo fond of Liberty, that the very Remembrance of the Tie makes me hate the Sight of her.

Mr. Briton. There may be ſome Excuſe for you; ſhe is in Years, and you have ſuch an Antipathy to Age, that you reſolve to forget your own; But her Money, *Harry*, came to you very opportunely; think of that, and be grateful.

Sir Wil. Grateful! oh fye! he deteſts the Name of that to the full as much as he does his Wife.

Har. Old. Truce, Gentlemen; you fall too faſt upon me, I'll anſwer but one at a time. Of all Mankind, I think my Friend *Briton* has the leaſt Reaſon to like Matrimony.

Mr. Briton. Why ſo? you never heard me complain.

Har. Old. That's true; but I have had the Honour to be preſent when your Lady has rais'd her pretty Voice many Notes above Elah!

Mr.

Mr. Briton. What then? it gave me no Pain, I like a Woman of Spirit.

Har. Old. So does Sir *William* I find, or he would never have made Choice of Lady *Airy.*

Sir Will. Prithee *Harry*, ſpare thy Advice, 'tis loſt upon us dull Mortals; why, we are ſtupid enough to think that Adultery and Fornication are Sins, and can pardon fifty Foibles in a beautiful virtuous Woman; ſo e'en change the Subject, and tell us how *Betty Puff* behaves? has the Dancing-maſter taught her how to make a Curtſey? I had a Glance of her the Night you ſquired her in cog. to the Play.

Har. Old. Then you muſt allow that ſhe is handſome.

Sir Wil. A tolerable Face, but as genteel as *Sancho's* Daughter.

Har. Old. This is downright Malice.

Sir. Will. No, I proteſt I ſpeak my Sentiments; I don't envy you: For, were I inclined to Intrigue, I have ſuch an Antipathy to the Scum of the Dunghill, that the greateſt Beauty upon Earth would not tempt me, if ſhe were deſcended from vulgar Parents.

Har. Old. Ha! ha! ha! you have a ſtrange Affection for Whores of Quallity; a ſure Sign of a nice Taſte, and little Vigour.

Mr. Briton. If Low-Amours are Tokens of a vigorous Conſtitution, 'tis ſurprizing that yours ſhould be ſo much broken, who have delighted in nothing elſe from Fifteen to this Day. I have heard that your firſt was with a *Welch* Weeder-Woman in your Father's Garden, and Tonſor's Spouſe; if Fame ſpeaks Truth, had her Education at *Billingsgate* under a Fiſh-woman, Ha! ha! ha!

Sir

Sir Will. Nay, Mr. *Oldcaſtle*, for Shame don't turn grave at our Prattle; reſume your native Gaiety, and tell us ſome News from the Country: How does your Friend Mr. *Taſte* paſs his Time? the Town are impatient for ſome new Production.

Har. Old. Mr. *Taſte* has no Leiſure to write, unleſs it be a Song on his Miſtreſs.

Mr. Briton. Pray who has the Honour to wear that Title at preſent?

Har. Old. I ſuppoſe Sir *William* can inform you.

Sir Will. Faith, not I; I am as ignorant of his Affairs as he is of the *Greek* Tongue; I take them from common Report, and he underſtands that by the *Latin* on t'other Side.

Har. Old. Notwithſtanding you affect to appear ſo little concern'd, he pays frequent Viſits to Lady *Airy*, and is very well receiv'd.

Sir Will. With all my Heart, I am pleas'd with every thing that affords her Diverſion.

Har. Old. But, ſuppoſe it ſhould come in her Head to marry him in one of her whimſical Fits, would that pleaſe you?

Sir Will. Yes, then ſhe would fall below every thing but Pitty; [*Looks on his Watch*] 'tis near the Hour we promiſed to call at the *Kings Arms*, ſhall we go?

Mr. Briton. Yes, Dinner will be ready by Two, we ſhall have diſpatch'd the Buſineſs by that time.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE. II. *Lady* Airy's *Apartment.*

Enter Lady Airy *with a Letter in her Hand, followed by* Giddy Prattle.

L. Airy. How do I look, *Prattle*, in this new-faſhon'd Head of my own Contrivance?

Prat. It becomes your Ladyſhip extreamly; but, ſhould *Phrodita* imitate you in this, as ſhe vainly endeavours to do in every thing you wear, I vow ſhe would frighten all the People ſhe met.

L. Airy. Now you talk of *Phrodita*, tell me what you have heard concerning her Marriage with Lord *Squat.*

Prat. Oh! Mem! there's no more Truth in that, than there was in her Marriage with Capt. *Braun* the *Iriſh* Gentleman, or Sir *Timothy Spendall* the ſhabby Baronet.

L. Airy. I hate Scandal, 'tis impoſſible thoſe Stories ſhould be true.

Prat. Indeed, Mem, they lived publickly in her own Houſe for a conſiderable time, and the Servants knew no otherwiſe: I am very well acquainted with her Favourite Mrs. *Lydia*; ſhe is a pretty young Woman.

L. Airy. And did ſhe tell you that her Miſtreſs was not married to Lord *Squat*?

Prat. And ſomething more that I am aſham'd to repeat to your Ladyſhip.

L. Airy. Why do you ſuffer any Body to entertain you with obſcene Tales?

Prat. No indeed, my Lady; but Mrs. *Lydia* ſaid ſhe had ſome Cauſe to ſuſpect that Madam *Phrodita* was not a Woman.

L. Airy.

L. Airy. I doubt thou art a little crazy, Girl; but pr'ythee if ſhe be not a Woman, let us hear how long it is ſince ſhe chang'd her Sex?

Prat. That I don't know, but it is the oddeſt Story I ever heard ſince I was born; She goes abroad with Lord *Squat* every Day, gives him a great Deal of Money, drinks him quite drunk every Night: nay, and ſometimes permits him to ſalute her; and yet, when he earneſtly preſſes her to be married, ſhe ſwears like a Trooper, and threatens to kick him for thinking it poſſible ſhe ſhould be Fool enough to marry any Body.

L. Airy. And is this all the Reaſon you have for thinking ſhe is not a Woman? In my Opinion it is a certain Sign of good Senſe, to continue always her own Miſtreſs: the reſt of her Management, I own, is not to be juſtified.

Prat. But, Madam there's ſomething yet ſtranger; ſhe ſays as many fine Things to Mrs. *Lydia* as any Man could do, and is continually making her Preſents; ſqueezes her Hand, and almoſt ſtifles her with Kiſſes, which frightens the poor young Woman ſo much, that ſhe would not ſtay, only ſhe gets a deal of Money in the Place.

L. Airy. I'll hear no more of this Nonſence; pray take Care that you ſpread the Story no farther: *Lydia* and you are a Couple of Goſſiping-Huſſies.

Prat. Your Ladyſhip forgets that the Servant waits for an Anſwer to the Letter.

L. Airy. Indeed I did, tho' I had it in my Hand. [*Looks over it.*] Mr. *Taſte* may come in the Evening, that's all.

Prat. But, with humble Submiſſion to your Ladyſhip's better Judgment, will not Sir *William* be very uneaſy at his being admitted?

L. Airy.

Lady Airy. I would have him be ſo; the Fellow begins to behave as if he were ſure of me; but I'll ſoon convince him of his miſtake.

Prat. Is it not cruel, Madam, to vex a Gentleman of his Fortune and Merit, that loves you to Diſtraction? and begging Pardon, if I am not miſtaken, your Ladyſhip has a particular Eſteem for him.

Lady Airy. Do you really think I have, *Pratle*? tell me, for I vow I am not poſitive whether I have or no; did I ever betray any Symptoms that look'd like it?

Prat. Your Ladyſhip always uſes him ill when he is here; and yet you are uneaſy when he is gone: but whenever you expect him you are in high good Humour, and much more exact in your Dreſs than at other Times.

Lady Airy. All this may be only your Fancy.

Prat. But I am ſure your Ladyſhip was in a real Paſſion when Mrs. *Briton* told you that Sir *William* had paid a Viſit to fine Miſs *Aimwell*, and never ceaſed fretting till I brought you Word that ſhe was nearly related to his deceas'd Lady.

Lady Airy. Well, I am afraid; if all thou ſayſt be true, I don't hate the Creature: remember I have promiſed to viſit Mrs. *Briton* after Dinner. Has Doctor *Peepwel*, been to ſee *Cupid* to-day?

Prat. No Madam; but he ſent ſomebody, and ordered him a Vomit.

Lady Airy. If he is too great to attend my Animals when they are indiſpoſed, he ſhall be my Phyſician no longer: pray ſend for ſomebody, call immediately; don't let my Dog be loſt for want of help, he was very feaveriſh all Night: give Orders, and bid the Fellow fly. [*Exit Lady* Airy.

Prattle *ſola.*

I dare not ſay ſo, but I doubt the Fellow will be kick'd for carrying the Errant, tho' her Ladyſhip would give a Ten Guinea Fee. I can't think of a Doctor that will come; and if I don't ſhe'll turn me away. [*Pauſes.*] How dull was I to forget Doctor *Dealdeath* the *German?* he loves Money, but then he is not of the College; however, ſhe mayn't know that. I believe, in my Conſcience, nothing prevents her marrying Sir *William*, but the apprehenſion ſhe has that he is not fond of Animals, ſhe did not treat him with common good Manners a whole month together, becauſe he happened accidentally to tread upon black Puſs's Tail. Well if a Woman of her ſenſe can be guilty of ſuch follies, the lower rank of mortals ſhould never be blamed for any thing they do. [*Exit* Giddy Prattle.

SCENE *Changes to Mr.* Briton's *Houſe.*

Enter Madamoiſelle *with her Face and Hands ſcalded and greaſed, Mrs.* Careful, *and* Dick.

Madam. I vil have dat Devil of a Cock firſt whipt to death, and den turn'd away; he have flea'd me all over. Oh! my Face is ruined, [*Crying.*] he tro all de Soup Meagre upon me.

Mrs. *Care.* What Buſineſs could you have in his Kitchen.

Madam. My Lady order me to teach him, to make Soup Meagre for de Gentleman's Dinner.

Dick. Then I think he rewarded you for your Trouble, Pox of your *French* Tricks, never any of your Country, come into a good Houſe, but you ſpoil it. Ye are as great Enemies to Hoſpitality and Cleanlineſs, as you are to the *Engliſh* Nation.

Ma-

Madam. Out on you, you ſacy Skipkenel, are you wordy to talk to People of my Birth? If Mrs. *Briton* does not take care dat I have Satisfaction for all diſafronts, I will ſtay no longer wid her, Ah! Madam *Careful*, whatever you may tink, I can aſſure you my Fader was one great Marke, but oblige to leave his Eſtate, and fly to *England* for his Religion, and do I am reduced to be a Servante, Madamoiſelle *Briton*, ſhould ſee that I am treated wid reſpect, ſince ſhe knows dat I am her betters.

Mrs. *Careful.* You have been guilty of great Imprudence, in putting ſuch ſtuff in your Lady's head; and the Compariſon is inſolent to the laſt degree: I am ſorry you are hurt ſo much, but I am certain that my Maſter will ſay nothing to the Cook for doing on't; ſo would adviſe you to go to your own Room, apply ſomething to your Face, and make no more words about it.

Madam. No indeed; I will go in and ſhew all de Company how I have been abuſed.

Dick. But pray, Madam, did you fly for your Religion, as well as my Lord your Father?

Madam. Yes, but it was when I was very young.

Dick. I thought ſo, becauſe I am certain you have changed your Mind ſince.

Madam. What do you mean, by changing de Mind?

Dick. Nothing, only I have obſerved you pay due Attendance to the Popiſh Chapel.

Madam. Oh de wicked Lyar, I at de Popiſh Chapel!

Dick. Yes, as ſure as you and my Lady your Mother where whipp'd out of *Bruſſels* for cheats; I ſaw it done, and ſo did my Maſter the laſt time we were abroad: you may perceive I am better acquainted with your Pedigree than you imagine.

[*She runs off.*

Mrs. *Careful.* Are you in earneſt Mr. *Richard?*

Dick. It is actually true Madam, my Maſter remembred her Face the very firſt time he ſaw her here. Our Gentry are laugh'd at in *France*, for ſuffering themſelves to be ſo groſſly impoſed on; there is ſcarce one in twenty of thoſe who call themſelves Refugees but what are rank Papiſts, and moſt of them Scoundrels; tho' many of them manage their Maſters ſo artfully that they enjoy Penſions from the Government. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Thus ſilly *Britons* ſlave and toil,
While Foreigners divide the Spoil.

The End of the firſt ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Sir William Addle's *Lodging. While Sir* William *is adjuſting his Peruke in the Glaſs, and humming* Tell me, tell me, deareſt Creature, *Enter to him* Jenny Wheedle.

Sir Will. WELCOME, my better Genius, that Smile aſſures me of good News; the Trap takes, is it not ſo?

Jen. I have great Hopes, Neceſſity begins to pinch hard; the Collonel lays cloſe Siege, and I am continually railing at you; I tell her your Barbarity

barity is insuportable: that a Lady who brought such a Fortune, and is Mistress of so many Charms, should take a proper Revenge for such vile Usage; and not endure Indigence and Want for an empty Name.

Sir Will. Excellently argued; but what Answer does she make to all this?

Jen. Why, she sighs and says, ungrateful and base as you are, she cannot cease to love you: but when I tell her you are in love with another Lady, she rages, and protests she'll do whatever I advise. Not to keep you in Suspense, I have this Day work'd her up to such a Pitch, that the Collonel has receiv'd a Promise, and it shall be your own Fault, if you don't catch them actually in Bed to-night. I'll keep her warm with Wine, lest she should retract; and Faith, rather than you should be disappointed, I'll put something in it that shall intoxicate her Senses.

Sir Will. I never doubted your Management, dear *Jenny*; and since you have taken so much Pains to procure my Happiness, 'tis but reasonable I should make some Provision for you, that you may no longer be a Servant, or subject to the Will of any Body; I have bought and furnish'd a handsome House for you; if you like to live in it your self, the Lodgings will maintain you; if not, it will let for sixty Pounds a Year at least, and you may retire into the Country.

Jen. I thank you, Sir, and will make it my Business to be grateful; but you forgot the only Thing that can make me happy.

Sir Will. I beg Pardon; but to put that beyond all Dispute, we'll draw in your Master to swear in this Affair; and then, if he should afterwards behave cloudy to you, you may keep him Awe, by threatning him with an Indictment.

Jen.

Jen. Ten Thouſand Bleſſings on your Honour for that lucky Thought; but I am concern'd that you ſhould lay out ſo much Money upon me at this time, it may be inconvenient to you.

Sir Will. Not in the leaſt, Child; I made my old Patron come down deep to help me thro' this: I ſtretch both my Voice and my Conſcience for him daily; and 'tis but reaſonable that he ſhould open his Purſe to procure me Pleaſure: but where is thy Maſter? I expected him an Hour ago.

Jen. The Bailiffs were ſo thick upon the watch, that he durſt not venture out, Sir, 'till they are diſpers'd.

Sir Will. That ſhall be ſoon remedy'd, for I'll get him a Protection; and if he ſerves me well, and ſwears thorough-ſtitch, he ſhall have a good Place. But here he comes.

Enter Maſqwell.

Sir Will. Good-morrow, Mr. *Maſqwell*; I have juſt now been conſulting with *Jenny* a Method to make your Affairs eaſy.

Maſq. Troth, Sir, that will be a difficult Matter; I'm ſo plaguily involved, that I deſpair of ever getting clear.

Sir Will. Oh fye! Man; never mention that ugly Word Deſpair: help me but to get rid of the worſt of Plagues a Wife, and my Life on't, I'll extricate you out of all other Difficulties.

Maſq. You may command every thing that is in my poor Power, Sir; pleaſe to inſtruct me, I'll punctually obſerve Directions.

Sir Will. Every thing is in your Power, Man; but I muſt beg you to take your Inſtructions from *Jenny*; becauſe I expect Sir *John Paroquete* every Moment, whom I have promis'd to dine with to-day.

Maſq.

Masq. Then you will see his fine Mistress, Sir.

Sir Will. See her, do you say? why, I kept her a Month, long before he knew her; but she was so damnable saucy, and so profusely extravagant, that I was glad to pack her off: I suppose she'll abuse me; for she never conceals her Amours before her Keeper.

Masq. I wonder how he takes such Behaviour?

Sir Will. Oh! very well, he esteems every thing she says and does as Favours. Don't you know that he took her stabbing of him as a Mark of Love: I propose a great deal of Diversion betwixt the Vanity of the Harlot, and the Folly of the Gallant.

Jen. The World says his Lady is a fine Woman, and that he has several pretty Children.

Sir Will. That's true; yet if his Wife had no Jointure, I am perswaded, notwithstanding his Estate is large, this Wench would reduce them all to Beggary in a very few Years: why, 'tis the whole Business of her Life to study Ways and Means to throw away Money.

Jen. Is she so very handsome as Fame speaks her?

Sir Will. No, really; her Face is well enough, but her Person is but indifferent: Why, she is not much taller than the Woman who was carried about in a Box for a Shew.

Masq. Are you to dine at her own House, Sir?

Sir. Will. No, at the Tavern; but wherever I go, I'll leave Word at home, lest you should want me at Night, Mrs. *Jenny*.

Exit Masqwell *and* Jenny.

Enter

Enter Sir John Paroquete.

Sir John. What, not ready yet? the Lady waits.

Sir Will. I beg Pardon, and will attend you inſtantly; Company came in, and hindred me a little.

Sir John. A Miſtreſs I ſuppoſe; a freſh Country Laſs I ſee.

Sir Will. Very far from it, I aſſure you; ſhe is only a Friend's Servant, and came with a Meſſage.

Sir John. Say you ſo; then if I knew where ſhe liv'd, I'd attack her.

Sir Will. You talk wildly, why *Con* would Murder you outright, if ſhe catch'd you at ſuch Sport.

Sir John. Pho! I have twenty Intrigues upon my Hand at this very Time; and yet ſhe has not the leaſt Suſpicion.

Sir Will. Then I am certain it is impoſſible to be in love; and, in my Opinion, nothing elſe can excuſe the Expence you are at with *Con.*

Sir John. No, *Jove* forbid I ſhould be fond of any one thing on Earth to make my ſelf one Moment uneaſy; ſhe is the Toaſt of the Town at preſent, and for that Reaſon, I take a Pleaſure in keeping her to my ſelf; but I have Miſtreſſes of all Complections and Degrees, from the Woman of Quality to the Servant-Wench, married and ſingle; if they are but handſome I care not. This very Night I have an Appointment with a Citizen's Wife, ſo you muſt find ſome Means to diſengage me from *Con* by Nine of the Clock; I'll return the Favour at any Time.

Sir

Sir Will. With all my Heart, I'll help you forward to the Devil your own way: But, 'tis time we were going.

[*Exit Sir* William Addle, *and Sir* John Paroquete.

SCENE *changes to* Phrodita's.

Enter Phrodita, *and Lord* Squat; *a Table and Glaſſes before them.*

Phrod. Plague on you for a Smock-fac'd Puppy, what would you balk your Glaſs?

L. Squat. My Head is quite giddy, I can drink no more; pray excuſe me.

Phrod. Faith, but I will not; if you won't take Wine, dear *Lydia*, bring the Citron-Water, it will ſettle his Stomach; Mr. *Maiden* is afraid of Pimples.

Enter Lydia, *ſhe fills a Glaſs.*

Phrod. Come, here's good Luck at *New-market*, and Health to *Bay-Beamont*; I deſign to be at the Races with you. [*She drinks.*

L. Squat. I'll pledge you, provided you promiſe to be married in Earneſt before we ſet out: Conſider 'tis Time; for the Town begins to talk a little too loudly.

Phro. Hang the Town, what care I for their Tattle? how often muſt I tell you, that I never will marry? can't you be ſatisfied? you may command my Fortune, as long as you continue to be diſcreet; and while we own one another, who can diſprove it? pr'ythee drink, and think no more on ſo diſagreeable a Subject; I'll anſwer we ſhould fight in a Week, if we were married.

L. Squat. Since it offends you, I'll ſay no more at this time; but, you muſt permit me to hope your Mind will change; 'tis your Health, Madam, [*Drinks.*

Phro. Fill to pretty *Lydia*, I am ſtrangely fond of that Girl.

L. Squat. I wiſh you were but half as fond of me. [*He gives her the Glaſs.*

Phro. Come, Child, you muſt give us a Toaſt.

Lydia. I drink to your Ladyſhip's ſpeedy Nuptials, and many happy Years with my Lord. [*He ſmiles.*

Phro. That's drinking to what thou art ſure never will happen. Pray how are we to ſpend the Day ſince you can't drink?

L. Squat. What think you of Riding out?

Phro. 'Tis a good Thought; but *Lydia* ſhall go with us, we'll get on our Habits before you are dreſs'd.

L. Squat. Then you'll be very quick. [*Exit Lord* Squat.

Phro. What makes you look ſo melancholly, Child? Come, give me a Smile and a Kiſs, and take my Green Habit for your Pains. [*Kiſſes her,* Lydia *colours.*] Thou art ſtrangely coy, I wiſh you may be always ſo to the filthy Fellows: methinks, I would not have a Man kiſs thee for a thouſand Pounds, it would give me ſo much Uneaſineſs.

Lyd. I am not very fond of Kiſſing, Madam; but ſure, it is more natural to be kiſs'd by a Man than by a Woman?

Phro. Oh fye! I could not have believed you were capable of entertaining ſuch groſs Notions: come up with me, I muſt convince you of your Error. [*Exit* Phrodita.

Lydia

Lydia *ſola, wiping her Mouth.*

Lyd. I had as live ſhe would kick me as kiſs me; her Breath ſmells like a Wine-Vault, I believe the Woman's bewitc'd: but, why do I call her Woman? ſhe may be a Man for ought I know, and to ſay Truth, I am afraid by her Ways ſhe is ſomething like it; and yet, all my Notions may proceed only from Fear: be it as it will, I hate her worſe than I do the the Devil, tho' ſhe is always giving me Money, and fine Things; I wiſh ſhe were either married or in her Grave, I care not which, ſo I could get from her: Now will ſhe mouzle me about twenty times in this ſhort Journey, notwithſtanding Lord *Squat* goes with us; I hear her call, and muſt go to her, tho' I had much rather ſtay at Home, and play at Cards with our *Robin.* [*Exit* Lydia.

The SCENE *changes to a Tavern, Sir* William Addle, *Sir* John Paroquete, *and* Conſtantia, *at Dinner; Waiters attending.*

Con. What ſort of Cook do theſe People keep? Is this a Fricacy fit to come before me? [*Toſſes the Diſh into the Middle of the Room.*] I ſuppoſe all the Diſhes are alike; we ſhall be poiſon'd with the Wine too: your Maſter keeps a Baudy-Houſe. Come tell us the Truth, Fellow?

Wait. The beſt Quality in the Kingdom comes to our Houſe, Madam; and yet I never before heard any Fault found with our Cook's dreſſing any thing. I am ſure the Fricacy ought to be good, for it comes to Twenty Shillings.

Con. Don't be ſaucy, you Blockhead; if you are, I ſhall crack your Scull.

Wait. Indeed, Madam, but I ſhall not ſtand ſtill, and let you.

Sir John. Hold your Tongue, Sirrah, and order another to be done better.

Wait. But Sir, why ſhould ſhe abuſe my Maſter's Houſe? your Honour knows that we never entertain lewd Women; I believe ſhe is the firſt that ever got in here. [Con. *riſes and catches up a Knife,* *Sir* Will. *takes it from her, ſhe boxes him and ſwears;* *Sir* John *laughs.*

Sir Will. I'm ſurpriz'd to ſee you laugh, ſhe might have murder'd the Man; if you don't oblige her to be quiet, I muſt leave the Room.

Sir John. If you will be good-humour'd, and not diſturb my Friend, I'll give you this Ring, it coſt me three hundred Pounds laſt Night; what ſay you, my Dear? will you have it?

[*She ſmiles and ſits down.*

Con. Yes, give it me.

Sir John. But will you be merry, and find no more Faults to-day.

Con. Damn your Preliminaries, give it me, and try. [*She ſnatches it, and ſtamps it under her Feet.*] Were you Fool enough to think I valued your Three hundred Pound Bauble, Ha! ha! ha! or do you imagine I care whether your rotten Companion be angry or pleas'd?

Sir Will. Indeed, Madam, were I mad enough to be your Keeper, I ſhould have broke that prety Arm ſhort off for daring to lift a Knife at any Body after your laſt Favour to Sir *John* himſelf.

Con. You my Keeper! why, poor Mortal! thou never had'ſt any thing in thy Life but thy Wife's Fortune; and, in Gratitude to her for throwing it away upon ſuch a little ſtinking Inſect, you ſettled upon her the Pox, like a Rogue as you are.

Sir Will. Pray, Sir *John*, permit me to go, or I ſhall be provok'd to cane her.

Con.

Sir John. For my Sake be eaſy, ſhe'll come into Temper preſently, if you don't anſwer her.

Con. You are miſtaken; but, if he will repeat *verbatim* the laſt long Harangue, he made in a certain great Aſſembly with the ſame Air he did there, and divert me with his Round-about Tale of a Tub, as he did then, I'll promiſe to be good.

Sir Will. You are a provoking Gipſy.

Con. You did not always think ſo, would you believe it, Sir *John*, that this very numerical Cock's-Comb ſometime ago was intirely my Slave, as you are now? I was a little under a Cloud when I met with him; tho' however, I made a ſhift to help him ſpend a ſneaking Thouſand Pounds in about three Weeks time: and finding he could raiſe no more, I fairly ran away from him. Now you know the Reaſon of his ill-humour. [*Sir* William Addle *runs out of the Room.* *She laughs.*

Sir John. I am ſorry you affronted him, my Dear, becauſe we were ingag'd to go into the City upon Buſineſs together.

Con. Why then you had beſt follow; for I can't ſtay with you much longer.

Sir John. Where are you going then?

Con. How dare you ask ſuch an impertinent Queſtion?

Sir John. But what time will you be at home?

Con. That I can't tell; give me a Bill for five hundred Pounds, for now I think on't my new Sett of Plate comes home to-day.

Sir John. [*Takes out his Pocket-book and gives her the Note.*] I'll wait on you to your Chair.

[*Exit Sir* John *and* Conſtance.

SCENE

SCENE *Mr.* Briton's *Houſe.*

Mrs. Briton *and Lady* Airy *at the Tea-Table.*

L. Airy. Confeſs the Truth, I am certain ſomething has put you out of Temper.

Mrs. Briton. I have more occaſion than you imagine; Mr. *Briton* aſſociates with a Sett of People who are continually drawing him into Miſchief; his Eſtate is to be trifled away for the Publick Good, and his Perſon render'd obnoxious to the Government for the ſame wiſe Reaſon: In ſhort, I am afraid that his ſetting up for a *Cato*, will, in a little time, make him a proper Tenant for *Bethlehem.*

L. Airy. I am concern'd to hear you talk in ſuch a Manner; Mr. *Briton* is a Man of Senſe and Honour, and ſo fond of his Country, that he would not only ſacrifice his Eſtate, but lay down his Life for it.

Mrs. Briton. If that be Senſe and Honour, I wiſh he were a Stranger to both; I cannot imagine what Buſineſs a Country-Gentleman can have with State-Affairs: the Intereſt of their own Families is all that they ſhould mind, and leave Politicks to the Miniſtry; their meddling I'm ſure can do no Good.

L. Airy. I find you think we were born only for ourſelves; and in Caſe our own Property is ſafe, we ought to ſit ſtill, and let all Mankind beſide be ruined.

Mrs Briton. Certainly I do; but I can ſee no Danger at preſent: and, in my Opinion, the Ground-work of all this Noiſe is a Hatred that ſome particular Men of the Party have againſt the Mini-

Miniſter; this makes them oppoſe all his Meaſures, and ridicule every thing he does.

L. Airy. Why, do you think they have no juſt Reaſon to find Fault with him? or do you ſet up in oppoſition to all the Thinking part of the World, to vindicate all that he thinks fit to do?

Mrs. *Brit.* No, I am very far from thinking all his Meaſures are juſtifiable; I don't take him to be more than mortal: doubtleſs, he is like others, ſubject to humane Failings; and yet I know not one Man amongſt his Enemies that's fit to ſupply his Place. If Noiſe and Railing be the way to ſettle a Nation, my Spouſe and his Party are the proper People to do it: but I fancy they would be like the Tinkers ſtop up one Breach, and make twenty more.

L. Airy. Theſe can never be your real Sentiments; Mr. *Briton's* Wife ſhould, like the *Roman Portia*, approve of all things that her Husband does, love all his gallant Friends; and to her utmoſt Power, aid all his brave Deſigns: ſo would I act, had I a Husband engaged amongſt them.

Mrs. *Brit.* And if their Schemes ſhould fail, you would have me, for downright Grief, ſwallow burning Coals too; ha, ha, ha! Now, if you would truſt me with the Secret, you would quickly own, that your Love to the Party proceeds from the Value you have for Sir *William Heartfree*.

L. Airy. Sir *William Heartfree* is a fine Gentleman; but he and all that know me are ſenſible that I have no particular Regard for him, nor any of the Sex.

Mrs. *Brit.* No; then why do you receive his Viſits?

L. Airy. If no body muſt viſit me, unleſs I deſign to marry them, I muſt baniſh all my Male Acquaintance. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs.

Mrs. *Brit.* You may laugh, Madam, but 'tis publickly known that you receive his Addreſſes, and that very favourably.

L. Airy. I wiſh the Man were here, I'd ſoon make him convince you of your Miſtake.

Mrs. *Brit.* You ſhall not wiſh in vain, my dear Friend. [*She rings a Bell. Enter a Servant.* Tell Mr. *Briton* I deſire the Company of himſelf and Friends at the Tea-Table. [*Exit Servant.*

L. Airy. What do you mean?

Mrs. *Brit.* Nothing, Child, only you muſt know I have in one of my Airs affronted them all at Dinner, and deſign to make you the Peace-maker.

L. Airy. Indeed, I will not ſtay.

Mrs. *Brit.* Indeed, it is too late to talk of going, for they are here.

Enter Mr. Briton, *Sir* William Heartfree, *and* Harry Oldcaſtle.

Mr. *Brit.* This Invitation was kind, my Dear; I knew you could not be eaſy till we were all Friends again.

Sir *Will.* I know not how ſufficiently to acknowledge this Favour, Madam, but fear your Compaſſion for me has offended Lady *Airy*, ſhe will not vouchſafe us a Word.

Mrs. *Brit.* That's becauſe ſhe would give you an Opportunity of interpreting her Looks to your own Advantage.

L. Airy. I am ſure your ill Nature appears too plain to want any Interpretation.

Mrs. *Brit.* Nay, if you are angry in Earneſt, I'll tell all: as demurely as ſhe looks now, I proteſt I ſent for you at her own Deſire.

L. Airy. I wonder how you can ſay ſuch a thing.

Mrs. *Brit.* Why, did you not wiſh Sir *William* was here?

Sir

Sir *Will.* That was kind indeed, Madam; thus let me thank you for the mighty Favour.

[*He kneels.*

L. Airy. What do you mean, Sir, by expoſing me at this rate before all the Company.

[*She turns from him.*

Mr. *Brit.* Your Ladyſhip is in the right to be angry with him; it is a great Fault to diſcover his Paſſion in publick till the Wedding is over: but, ſince it is done, let me beg you'll have the Goodneſs to pardon him.

Old. And permit me to interceed with your Ladyſhip to marry him quickly; for, Faith, he begins to grow downright melancholly.

L. Airy. 'Tis very well, Sir, you ſhall ſuffer for this; what, am I to be made a Jeſt on?

Sir *Will.* I proteſt, Madam, my Friends are all in Earneſt; they think that a Lady of your fine Senſe deſpiſes Diſguiſe: and ſince you certainly deſign to make me happy at laſt, they joyn with me, and humbly beg you'd name the Day. [*She flings out of the Room in a Paſſion.*] Indeed, my angry Dear, I'll follow you, and teaze you till you do know your own Mind.

Old. 'Tis the only way, you'll be ſure of her in the End; ſhe'll be forced to marry you, if it be but to get rid of your Importunity.

Sir *Will.* You'll excuſe my going ſo abruptly, Madam, but I'll wait on you again in the Evening, and tell you the Succeſs of this Adventure.

[*Exit Sir* William Heartfree.

Mrs. *Brit.* Notwithſtanding all theſe Airs, I know ſhe loves him.

Old. Yet ſhe has, to my knowledge, appointed Mr. *Taſte* to make one a Party at *Ombre* this Afternoon.

Mr. *Brit.* That's only to have the dear Pleaſure of vexing a Man of Senſe; I know ſhe deſpiſes the little vain Creature.

Old. If you are not engaged, Madam, I have a Servant below who has the fineſt Voice I ever heard.

Mrs. *Brit.* You could not have obliged me more, Sir, I am fond of ſinging.

Mr. *Brit.* Let him be order'd into the Parlour next the Garden, the Noiſe of the Street will drown the Voice here: I am afraid Sir *William* will not be able to get a good Look to-day. Lady *Airy* is really a very lovely Woman, if ſhe would leave off her Whims; her own good Senſe, did ſhe give herſelf Leiſure to think, would convince her they were ridiculous.

Like *April*-Weather, Womens Tempers are
Subject to Storms, tho' in appearance fair;
The doubtful Pleaſure pains us ev'ry Hour,
And we in Sun-ſhine dread th' impending Shower.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Walks at* Vaux-Hall.

Enter Lady Addle, *Col.* Selfiſh, *and* Jenny Wheedle.

Jenny. 'TIS a lovely Evening, Madam, and what Harm can there be in taking an innocent Walk?

L. Addle. None at all, Mrs. *Wheedle*; and yet I have a trembling at my Heart.

Col. *Selfiſh.* That proceeds from Melancholly; you drown the Luſtre of thoſe lovely Eyes in Tears, and waſte your Spirits, with ſighing for a Wretch that is not worth one Thought.

Jenny. A Wretch indeed; a blind ungrateful Wretch, who throws away a Diamond to hunt for Pebbles.

L. Addle. Though Grief and I have been acquainted long, yet till this Day I never had ſo ſtrange a Heavineſs upon my Spirits; juſt as I wak'd, my Noſe burſt out a bleeding; and at this moment I fell, as if the Hand of Death had ſeiz'd me: wou'd it had.

Jenny. Vapours, Madam, to the laſt degree; deſpiſe the wicked Author of your Sorrows: remember he is hourly ſighing at the Feet of *Harriot*; and that to pleaſe her, he drove you baſely from your Houſe, aſpers'd your Character, and ſpent your Fortune.

L. Addle. All this is too true; yet 'tis my Duty to bear it patiently, and not give him the leaſt Opportunity to prove that any Act of mine deſerv'd ſuch Uſage.

Col. *Selfiſh.* And ſo, by avoiding an imaginary Evil, become guilty of the greateſt and moſt unpardonable Crime, Self-murder.

Jenny. 'Twill be certainly ſo, Sir; for what difference is there whether I cut my Throat, and ſo ruſh out of the World at once, or ſuffer another to ſtarve me to death, when it is in my own power to prevent it? the End is ſtill the ſame, the Sin as great.

L. Addle. Your Arguments are weak, I ſhall not anſwer for my Husband's Faults. [*Sighs.*

Col. *Selfiſh.* Forbear theſe Sighs, and think of nought but Happineſs and Love; my Fortune you may always command, and it ſhall be my conſtant Care to pleaſe you, and never ſay one thing that may offend the ſtricteſt Rules of Virtue. Mrs. *Wheedle* may always be preſent when you allow me the Honour of your Company; that will juſtify your Conduct to the World: will you not bleſs me with one Smile?

L. Addle. How ſhould I ſmile in the midſt of Miſery?

Jenny. Dear Madam, don't talk of Miſery, you'll make me quite melancholly: hark, the Muſick begins, Supper is coming on the Table: dedicate this Evening to Mirth, and learn to deſpiſe ſuch an incorrigible Brute as Sir *William.*

Col. *Selfiſh.* All the Return I ask for my long and faithful Paſſion is, that you would for a few Hours endeavour to forget your Care.

L. Addle. You ask a thing impoſſible, but I'll endeavour to oblige you by talking no longer on ſo diſagreeable a Subject. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to Lady* Airy's.

Enter Lady Airy, *Sir* William Heartfree, *and* Giddy; *Lady* Airy *with a little Dog in her Arms.*

L. Airy. Did the rude Man awaken thee? poor pretty Creature!

Sir *Will.* Is it conſiſtent with your good Senſe, Madam, or indeed, with common good Manners, to make ſuch a Work with a naſty Dog, and not vouchſafe to give me an Anſwer to any thing I ſay; if you perſiſt much longer in your provoking Silence, I ſhall break through all Rules, and kill it in your Arms.

L. Airy. Did you ever hear the like, *Giddy*? certainly, poor Sir *William* is going mad; pr'ythee call his Servants to get him away, I begin to be frighten'd.

Giddy. O law! Madam, I muſt beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon; but I am affraid to go by him: Well, Love is a ſad thing, and very apt to turn People's Brains: a Couſin of my own is at this time in a Mad-Houſe for *Kitty Ogle.* Ha, ha!

[*They both laugh.*

Sir *Will.* Am I to be the Jeſt of your *Abigail* too, Madam? Your Favourite here ſhall pay for all. [*He ſnatches the Dog.*

L. Airy. O dear Sir *William*, he's ſick, don't vex him; I'll never forgive this Inſolence, depend on't.

Sir *Will.* I don't care whether you do or no; but, if you don't promiſe faithfully to be Friends, and talk ſeriouſly for half an Hour, he dies.

L. Airy. Hold, hold! cruel Wretch; I will talk ſeriouſly, give me the dear Thing.

Sir

Sir *Will.* Nay, but you muſt grant an Act of Obiivion for all that is paſt.

L. Airy. I do, I do.

Sir *Will.* Take him then; and be aſſured I ſhall always be fond of every thing you like, when you learn to uſe me well.

L. Airy. In order to keep my Promiſe, Sir, you may ſtay this half Hour; but I deſire it may be the laſt Viſit you ever make me: I think you have given me a convincing Proof, that I ought never to ſacrifice my Liberty, by chuſing ſuch an abſolute Tyrant for a Husband.

Sir *Will.* This angry Air don't become you; come, act like yourſelf, ſpeak the real Sentiments of your Heart, and confeſs that theſe Humours are only put on to teaze me.

Enter Mr. Taſte.

L. Airy. Mr. *Taſte*, your Servant; you came very luckily to decide a Diſpute betwixt me and Sir *William.*

Mr. *Taſte.* 'Tis impoſſible that any Body ſhould preſume to hold a Diſpute with your Ladyſhip; Beauty, and Wit like yours, can never err.

Sir *Will.* You ſpeak the Sentiments of a Poet, Sir, when he is forming a Heroine for a new Play; and if the Lady be really Miſtreſs of that extraordinary Wit you have complimented her with, ſhe muſt of neceſſity not only laugh at, but deſpiſe the Man that tells her ſhe can never err.

L. Airy. A Man that truly loves muſt always believe ſo; and the laſt civil Speech of yours confirms me in the Opinion that I ought to hate you.

Sir *Will.* If I can't be ſo complaiſant, Madam, as either to think or ſay that you have no Faults,

yet

yet I will obey your Commands, tho' they ſhould be never to ſpeak to you more. [*Bowing.*

L. Airy. You'll oblige me, Sir, in letting this be the laſt time. [*Angrily.*

Sir *Will.* If you had told me ſo without Paſſion I ſhould have believ'd you were in Earneſt.

L. Airy. I care not what you believe; pray be gone: the very Sight of you puts me out of Humour.

Sir *Will.* Therefore I'll plague you with it longer; what, do I hinder Mr. *Taſte* from repeating ſome of his own Poetry, and you from having the Vanity of imagining yourſelf the Muſe that inſpires him with ſuch pretty ſoft Notions, ha, ha, ha!

Mr. *Taſte.* What have I done, Sir *William*, that you ſpeak of my Poetry in ſuch diſreſpectful Terms? Not that I value your Opinion; for, a Man who can treat a Lady he pretends to admire in ſo careleſs a manner, can be no Judge of Verſe.

Sir *Will.* I confeſs my want of Judgment that way, Mr. *Taſte*; and, to give a convincing Proof on't, I bought your laſt Performance: nay, and what's worſe, had the Patience to read it.

L. Airy. You ſhall affront no-body in my Houſe, Sir.

Mr. *Taſte.* Dear Madam, forgive the poor Gentleman; your Cruelty is the Cauſe of his Ill-Humour: I ſhall reſent nothing that a diſappointed Lover can ſay. I pity him at my Soul!

Sir *Will.* Pr'ythee, Inſect, don't be pert, leſt I ſhould make you feel as well as hear: a Woman that permits a vain empty Fool like you to viſit her, juſtly deſerves to be the Jeſt of the Town; and ſo, Madam, I take my Leave of you for ever,

and

and freely transfer all my Right and Title to Mr. *Taſte*. [*Exit Sir* William Heartfree.

L. Airy. Did you ever hear ſo much Inſolence?

Mr. *Taſte.* Forget it, Madam, it is not worth a Thought; let us talk of ſomething elſe: have you ſeen the laſt new Comedy? the World ſay 'tis wretchedly done.

L. Airy. My ill Stars and the Perſuaſion of ſome Ladies carry'd me to it the firſt Night; but ſure, no Creatures ever ſate in ſo much Pain as we did: the Society for the Reformation of Manners ought to puniſh the Author, and the neareſt Relation he has ſhould beg his Eſtate, if he has any; for I'll anſwer the whole Town will pronounce him a Fool.

Mr. *Taſte.* Your Ladyſhip is very ſevere; but how do you like the new Tragedy?

L. Airy. 'Tis tolerably well done.

Mr. *Taſte.* And that is as much as can be ſaid, for the Style is very low: Our preſent Sett of Authors are deſpicable Creatures, they have neither Genius nor Learning; and yet are too proud to be inſtructed: I have given them the true Standard of Poetry in all my Performances, but to no purpoſe; for, inſtead of endeavouring to imitate me, they rail at my Works, becauſe they are above their Underſtanding.

L. Airy. The common Ingratitude of the Age, Sir, if it were not for your Poetry, would be quite loſt in *Britain*.

Mr. *Taſte.* And ſo it ſhall, Madam; for I am reſolved to write no more.

L. Airy. Indeed, Mr. *Taſte*, you muſt break that Reſolution for the ſake of the Ladies who have always received your Works with great Applauſe: muſt we be deprived of the Pleaſure of reading your inimitable Poems, and ſinging your moving

ſoft

ſoft Airs, becauſe the brutiſh dull Fellows are ſaucy.

Mr. *Taſte.* That the Ladies have been ſo good to ſmile upon me, and approve of my Endeavours to pleaſe them, I can't deny; yet I will write no more.

L. Airy. Then I muſt conclude that you have been mal-treated by ſome Favourite-Miſtreſs, and intend to revenge it on the whole Sex.

Mr. *Taſte.* Your Ladyſhip miſtakes the true Reaſon, I aſſure you.

L. Airy. Then I ſhall never be able to gueſs at it, I fear.

Mr. *Taſte.* I'll endeavour to ſet you right, Madam; you muſt know I never had but one Miſtreſs in all my Life, and ſhe was indiſcreet enough to lay violent Hands on herſelf, becauſe ſhe could not perſuade me to think of Matrimony: this melancholy Accident has prevented my ever making a particular Addreſs to any of the Sex ſince.

L. Airy. But ſure it could give you no Pretence to be angry with them; it ſhew'd you, indeed, the utmoſt Weakneſs the Sex can be guilty of. We may juſtly charge you with Cruelty, but the Memory of the unhappy fair One ſhould ever be dear to you; yet you muſt give me Leave to think your Value for her was not ſincere, if it had, you would have prevented her tragick End, and thought Matrimony a Happineſs.

Mr. *Taſte.* I never could break thro' the Averſion I had for that State till very lately, and now I am juſtly puniſh'd. [*Sighs.*

L. Airy. Pray tell me the nature of your Puniſhment, Mr. *Taſte?*

Mr. *Taſte.* The little God, to whoſe Power I had ſo long bid Defiance, has at laſt, Madam, made me ſenſible of my Error; and I, for whom

ſo many Beauties have ſigh'd in vain, now languiſh in ſecret, and dare not reveal my Paſſion to the adorable Object.

L. Airy. Modeſty and Diffidence are certain Signs of Love; truſt me with the Secret, and I will plead your Cauſe, if the Lady be of my Acquaintance; provided you promiſe to oblige us with more of your Works.

Mr. Taſte. Alas! Madam, at the ſame time that I talk of writing no more, I have a Song and a Poem ready for the Preſs to celebrate the Goddeſs of my Heart.

L. Airy. Pray favour me with her Name, Sir.

Mr. Taſte. I dare not, you'll never forgive me.

L. Airy. Then I do know her, I find.

Mr. Taſte. Yes, Madam; and yet I fear to name her.

L. Airy. Pho! don't talk of Fear; I ſhall never forgive you, if you will not tell me who it is.

Mr. Taſte. I will obey, but beg you'll permit me to explain it to you by the Poem, or the Song I mention'd.

L. Airy. Any way you pleaſe; where are they? I would ſee them both.

Mr. Taſte. I have them not about me, Madam; but in an Hour's time I'll wait on you with them.

L. Airy. You muſt come to Mrs. *Briton*'s then, Sir; for I have promis'd to go thither immediately, and intended you ſhould have gone with me: you know ſhe is a great Admirer of your Works.

M. Taſte. I'll ſtep home for the Papers, and be there as ſoon as Your Ladyſhip. [*Exit Mr.* Taſte.

L. Airy. Pr'ythee help me laugh, *Giddy*; I am ready to burſt with ſuppreſſing on't ſo long: inſufferable Coxcomb! a Woman die for him; on my

my Conſcience, Lord *Haughty*'s Monkey is much handſomer, and almoſt as tall, ha, ha, ha!

Giddy. Indeed, Madam, the poor Brute is not much beholden to you for the Compariſon.

L. Airy. Thou ſay'ſt true, Wench; I beg poor *Pug*'s Pardon, for he is perfectly ſtrait; and his Couſin-German Mr. *Taſte* is as crooked in Body as he is in Mind: I dare ſwear he firmly believ'd I thought all the fine Things I ſaid to him.

Giddy. That he did, Madam; and I'll lay my Life on't you will find both the Song and the Poem made on Yourſelf.

L. Airy. He can't be ſo impudent.

Giddy. I am ſure he is; and the Goddeſs of his Heart will prove to be Your Ladyſhip.

L. Airy. I ſhall be ready to murder him, if I find it ſo; and yet I want to ſee the fooliſh Things.

Giddy. But Your Ladyſhip forgets that you have entirely diſobliged Sir *William Heartfree.*

L. Airy. Oh, he'll beg Pardon for my having offended him, I'll warrant you.

Giddy. I much fear it, Madam.

L. Airy. You are a Fool, a Lover always grows more humble after ill Uſage.

Giddy. I am perſwaded he'll never come again; unleſs Your Ladyſhip ſends for him.

L. Airy. Then he'll ſtay away for ever, that's all I care; but did he ſay any thing to you?

Giddy. Yes, Madam, he gave me this Purſe, and told me, he thought Mr. *Taſte* was good enough for you; and laughing, bid me make what Advantage I could of him.

L. Airy. Impudent Monſter! I laugh at his Malice, and will never be Friends with him.

Giddy. I fancy you'll find him at Mrs. *Briton*'s, Madam.

L. Airy. I'll plague him if I do; his Aſſurance vexes me worſe than the Vanity and Folly of *Taſte.* [*Exit* Lady Airy *and* Giddy Prattle.

SCENE *St.* James's *Square.*

Sir William Heartfree *and* Bob Maſqwell *meeting.*

Sir Will. You are the very Man I was juſt a wiſhing for.

Maſq. I doubt, Sir, I am not much oblig'd to you for that Wiſh.

Sir Will. Why ſo, Mr. *Maſqwell* ?

Maſq. Becauſe I am perſuaded you want to employ me in ſome dark Affair, that no-body elſe will undertake.

Sir Will. You have gueſs'd right, for once, *Bob*; and yet, in my Opinion, you will be obliged to me: for, if you manage right, and don't tattle, I deſign to put a hundred Guineas in your Pocket.

Maſq. You may ſafely truſt me, Sir; for I never had a greater want of Money than at preſent: I hope it does not relate to my Patron Sir *William Addle*; for I will not betray him.

Sir Will. Not in the leaſt, it is no party Buſineſs; I only want you to find me out a good clever Wench, that you can confide in.

Maſq. I hope you don't take me for a Pimp.

Sir Will. What if I had, 'tis a genteel Employment; but the Men of Quality are grown ſo ſaving, that they pimp for one another, and ſo ſpoil the Trade: however, not to keep you longer in Suſpence, I want a Wench that can appear, and behave like a Woman of Fortune, ſhe muſt be both handſome and cunning enough to enſnare Mr. *Taſte*, that's all, only it muſt be done ſpeedily.

Maſq.

Masq. I am ready as soon as you please; my Maid *Jenny Wheedle* will perform the Part: she has just had a Present made her of a good House handsomely furnish'd, for secret Service; her Cloaths will do, and I can borrow a Sett of Jewels for the time.

Sir Will. But are you sure he never saw her?

Masq. Never. What, must we put her off for, a Maid, or a Widow?

Sir Will. Oh! a Maid, and a Relation of mine just come from *Somersetshire.*

Masq. She shall be ready in less than two Hours, Sir, but how shall we contrive the Meeting?

Sir Will. Why I'll let Mrs. *Briton* into the Secret, and manage it so that they shall meet at her House without the least Suspicion: you know 'tis her Day; dispatch your Affairs, and send *Jenny* thither in a Chair, I'll order a Brace of Fellows in strange Liveries to attend the Lady.

Masq. Your Commands shall be obey'd exactly, Sir. [*Bowing.*

Sir Will. But Money, Mr. *Masquell,* is a very necessary Ingredient; the Lady will be oblig'd to play: you know Mrs. *Briton* loves Gaming. Does *Jenny* understand Quadrille. [*Gives him a Purse.*

Masq. She understands every thing, and has Cunning enough to out-wit the Devil.

Sir Will. Take care she does not over-act her Part; an Appearance of Innocence is necessary for a Country-Beauty.

Masq. Never fear, Sir, she always looks like a Saint when she is employ'd in Mischief.

Sir Will. I am going your Way; we'll consider as we walk if there be any thing more wanting to carry on this pleasant Plot. [*Exit together.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Betty Puff's *Lodgings.*

Harry Oldcaſtle *and* Betty.

Har. Old. You ſhall go into the Country to-morrow, Madam.

Bet. Pho! don't tell me of the Country, I had better be hang'd out of the way, than live as I do.

Har. Old. Why, do you want for any thing?

Bet. No; but what ſignifies fine Cloaths, if one muſt not go abroad to ſhew them?

Har. Old. And ſo meet with the Fool your Husband, and get kick'd, mob'd, and ſtrip'd, as you were once before, when you went a gadding; is it not much pleaſanter to ſtay in the Country, where you may ride out, and take any Diverſion you pleaſe without Danger?

Bet. Fine Diverſion truly, to ſtare at Woods and Fields; indeed, I will not go till you go with me.

Har. Old. We'll talk no more of the Country at preſent, but pray behave yourſelf well; for I expect Sir *John Paroquette* and his fine Miſtreſs every Moment.

Bet. I'll warrant you I can carry my ſelf as well as ſhe or any Body elſe, if I pleaſe; and if you'll promiſe that I ſhall go to the Play with his Lady, I'll do any thing to oblige you.

Har. Old. You'll make me very angry, if you talk of Plays, they are the high Road to Deſtruction, Child.

Bet. And yet 'tis a Road you travel every Night while you ſtay in Town.

Har. Old. Men may venture very-where my Dear; but a pretty Woman ſhould not expoſe her-

ſelf

ſelf to be ſeen by every Coxcomb; 'tis dangerous.

Bet. Don't tell me of Danger, I love to live like other Folks.

Enter Sir John Paroquette *and* Conſtantia.

Har. Old. Sir *John*, Your Servant. Madam, this is extreamly kind, [*preſents* Betty *to her.*] This Lady was impatient to ſee you. [*They ſalute.*

Conſt. By my Life, Mr. *Oldcaſtle*, ſhe is perfectly beautiful.

Bet. You are pleaſed to compliment me, Madam.

Conſt. Not at all, Mrs. *Puff*, I ſpeak my real Sentiments, and ſhall be proud of your Acquaintance; Mr. *Oldcaſtle* is too happy.

Har. Old. You are more generous than the Generality of your Sex, Madam; for they never admire Beauty, unleſs it be their own in the Glaſs.

Sir John. Pr'ythee let us talk freely like People that underſtand one another; I hate Ceremony.

Conſt. Unleſs it be to an Orange-Wench; would you believe it, Sir? I catch'd him a making fifty Cringes to one of thoſe Creatures laſt Night at the Old-Houſe.

Har. Old. By way of Banter, I ſuppoſe.

Conſt. No, he was making Love moſt furiouſly.

Sir John. She invented this Story out of pure Malice, becauſe I had ſet the Girl as a Spy upon her.

Conſt. Saucy Fellow! a Spy upon me! why, you know I never take any Pains to conceal my Inclinations from you; I'll keep Company with whoever I pleaſe, and would make no Scruple to leave you, and go to Supper with a Porter, if I took it in my Head.

Sir

Sir John. Very well, Madam; but methinks you need not have proclaim'd your Libertine-Principles to corrupt this innocent Lady.

Har. Old.] *Aſide.*] I wiſh ſhe was at Hell; ſure I was mad to let her be brought hither.

Conſt. Pry'thee leave off canting, a Woman muſt be either a Fool or ugly, that will ſuffer herſelf to be contradicted in any thing: were it poſſible for me to ſpend all your dirty Acres in one Day, you ſhould nor dare to ſay I did wrong.

Har. Old. Come, Sir *John*, be in good Humour, you muſt allow a fair Lady to ſay any thing ſhe pleaſes: have you any News from the Country?

Sir John. Yes, ſome that is very particular; but that is not a fit Diſcourſe before Ladies.

Har. Old. We'll retire to another Room; you'll ſend us word, my Dear, when the Tea is ready.

[*Exit Sir* John *and Mr.* Oldcaſtle.

Bet. Dear Madam, don't look ſo angry, the Gentleman meant no harm, I believe; for he ſeems to be very good-natur'd.

Conſt. You don't know the Way of the World, Madam; I am neither angry, nor out of Humour; but Men muſt be hector'd and kept under, or there would be no ſuch thing as managing of them.

Bet. Dear Heart, how I have been miſtaken, I thought they muſt be wheedled, and obliged in every thing: juſt as you came in, I was but asking Mr. *Oldcaſtle* to let me go abroad to a Play or ſo; and he grew angry, and threaten'd to ſend me into the Country to-morrow Morning.

Conſt. No doubt on't, if you were ſo weak to ask Leave: come, I find I muſt direct you, if you want to ſee a Play, I'll take you with me to-night; and if he ſays any thing when you come home, ſtamp your Foot, and put on a Paſſion; tell him you

you won't be cubb'd up by never an old Fool in *Briton:* uſe him but ill enough, and I'll engage you'll ſoon teach him Obedience and Humility.

Bet. Thank you, good Madam; I'll take your Advice, and pull up a Spirit: only, what if he ſhould turn me off, then I ſhould be ruin'd, you know; for I can never go home again.

Conſt. Never fear, he is too fond to part with you, and if he ſhould, there are a hundred fine young Gentlemen that would adore you.

Bet. Say you ſo, then poſitively we'll go to the Play; but you muſt know, Madam, I have a Husband, and if he ſhould happen to ſee me, he'll make an Uproar, and beat me like a Dog; he did catch me once, and ſtole my Watch, and every thing I had about me: this makes me cautious of ſtirring out.

Conſt. I'll protect you from him; but let us go in, and diſturb the Fellows: they are ſettling the Nation I ſuppoſe, after Mr. *Oldcaſtle's* conſtant manner. Some new Stratagem to make Miſchief, and plague the Miniſter, or a Pamphlet full of Sedition to be midwif'd into the World; which, according to Cuſtom, if any Body comes into Trouble about it, he will moſt courageouſly deny.

Bet. I don't underſtand State-Affairs, Madam, but I know that he is always very buſy about ſuch Things, and writes a great deal when he is in the Country; but I can't read Writing. I tremble for fear he ſhould keep me from going abroad with you.

Conſt. I'll take you whether he be willing or no; you ſhall not live ſuch a Life of Servitude and Subjection.

Men by *Ill-uſage* are to *Fondneſs* drawn,
And us'd like *Spaniels*, they like *Spaniels* fawn.

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Drawing-Room in Mr. Briton's *Houſe.* *Lady* Airy, Mrs. *Briton*; Jenny Wheedle *finely dreſs'd*; *Mr.* Taſte, *and Mr.* Briton.

Mrs. Brit. IN *France* the Ladies are excellent Judges of Poetry; but for my part, tho' I am fond of reading on't, I cannot pretend to decide in this Matter; Mr. *Taſte* you ſhould inſtruct us.

Mr. Taſte. If you'll pleaſe to tell me, Madam, what Author is moſt in your Favour, I'll point out to you both his Beauties and his Faults.

Mrs. Brit. Really I can't be particular, I like *Waller*; and am fond of Mr. *Prior*'s *Nut-Brown-Maid.*

Mr. Taſte. Both *Waller* and *Prior* wrote tolerably well, Madam; but there are more Faults in their Works than can be explain'd in one Converſation, I'll give you in writing the neceſſary Rules to judge by.

L. Airy. What think you of *Addiſon* Sir?

Mr. Taſte. I think his admired *Cato* a very indifferent Performance.

Mr. Brit. Vain impudent Puppy; I have ſcarce Patience to hear him. [*Aſide.*

Mr. Taſte. How do you like *Pope*'s *Homer*? 'tis an admirable *Engliſh* Poem.

Mr.

Mr. Brit. There you are right, Mr. *Taſte*; 'tis indeed an *Engliſh* Poem.

Mr. Taſte. What do you mean, Sir? I aver it is abſolutely the moſt finiſh'd Work in the World.

Mr. Brit. And I aver, Sir, that it is no more a Tranſlation of *Homer*, than the good old Ballad call'd the Siege of *Troy* is one, you are. [*Enter* [*Harry Oldcaſtle*] luckily come to my Aid, Friend *Harry*; this Gentleman has promis'd my Wife that he will tear your Favourite Mr. *Waller* to Pieces, in order to inſtruct her in the Art and Miſtery of Poetry. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Taſte. You miſtake, Sir; I allow there is a beautiful Softneſs runs through all his Works: But,

Har. Old. But what, Sir? I'll give you the Character of that great Poet in four Lines, that you may have an Opportunity to find Fault with my Verſe I love to be abuſed in good Company: Satyr is your Talent, you know.

In Waller's *Lines we* Sampſon's *Riddle meet,*
Strong as the Lyon, and as Honey ſweet;
With true Sublime his noble Thoughts appear,
While his ſmooth Numbers charm each liſt'ning Ear.

L. Airy. What Occaſion have we to dwell upon the Merit of old Authors, when Mr. *Taſte* is preſent? who I am ſure can if he pleaſes, oblige us with ſomething of his own which will exceed even *Pope*'s *Homer*.

Har. Old. The very beſt Lines in that Work are ſtole from *Dryden*, and in ſeveral Places copied *verbatim*: not to mention the innumerable Thefts committed upon ſeveral other celebrated Authors. 'Tis like a Piece of Patch-work, Madam, made up with Scraps of various Colours; nay, what's

worſe, it is an inhuman Murder committed both upon the Prince of Poets, and the *Greek* Tongue.

Mr. Taſte. Very well, Sir, I perceive you have a ſtrong Inclination to provoke me; but I ſhall diſappoint you by laughing at your Malice.

Har. Old. Why ſhould what I ſay make you angry, Mr. *Taſte?* I proteſt, my Deſign was to convince Lady *Airy* that ſhe had done wrong in comparing *Homer* to any thing of yours.

Mr. Taſte. I ask Pardon, Sir, I forgot that you were not preſent when I prais'd that Work.

Mrs. Brit. Pray, Mr. *Oldcaſtle*, interceed for us; I long to ſee the new Song: Lady *Airy* aſſures me that Mr. *Taſte* has it in his Pocket.

Mr. Taſte. I muſt be excus'd, it is made on a particular Subject.

L. Airy. That makes us more deſirous to ſee it; Women are naturally inquiſitive, and fond of Secrets.

Mr. Brit. I am ſure Mr. *Taſte* is too polite a Gentleman to refuſe a fine Lady any thing.

L. Airy. We will not be refus'd, we'll teaze him to Complaiſance. Aſſiſt us, Madam, he will not deny the Requeſt of a new Beauty: this Lady is a near Relation of Sir *William Heartfree*, Sir, ſhe came to Town but laſt Night.

Mr. Taſte. [*Bowing.*] I ſhall be proud to obey her Commands, Madam, in any thing but this.

L. Airy. Excuſes ſhall not avail, I am reſolved to ſee it; beſides you promis'd I ſhould.

Mr. Taſte. But not that any Body elſe ſhould, Madam; however, ſince your Ladyſhips inſiſts on my Promiſe, there is the Song, and I leave it entirely to you, whether it ſhall appear in publick or no.

L. Airy.

L. Airy. [*Colours.*] Since you made ſuch a work about it, I'll mortify your Vanity, by not taking the Trouble to read it. [*Puts it in her Pocket.*

Mrs. Brit. Indeed we will not be put off at this rate; Madam, ſince you are ſo indifferent, pray give it me, this Lady has promiſed to ſing it.

L. Airy. You know Mr. *Taſte* entruſted me with it, and I cannot part with it, unleſs he gives me Leave.

Mr. Brit. Nay, now your Ladyſhip is very unreaſonable to engroſs all the Pleaſure to your ſelf.

Mr. Old. Pray, Mr. *Taſte*, permit us to ſee it.

Mr. Taſte. If Lady *Airy* pleaſes, I no longer oppoſe it, ſince it will give us an Opportunity of hearing that fair Lady ſing. [*Bowing to* Jenny.

Jen. My Voice is very indifferent, Sir; however I'll oblige the good Company.

L. Airy. I deliver it into your Cuſtody, Madam, for the Good of the Publick.

SONG by Jenny Wheedle.

Awake, my Lyre, my Sorrows tell,
While with my Sighs thy Notes I ſwell;
Ah! tell the Soul-diſtracting Pain
Of thoſe that love, and love in vain;
Tell the Grief, the Pain, the Anguiſh,
Of thoſe who muſt in ſecret languiſh:
Of thoſe who muſt not Love reveal,
Yet its conſuming Fires conceal;
And ſilently its Woes endure,
Which but in Death admit a Cure.

Mr. Taſte. [*Bowing.*] Your charming Voice and Manner, Madam, has done great Honour to my Song

Song, tho' I may, without Vanity, ſay it has ſome Beauties. [*Affectedly.*

Mrs. Brit. It is impoſſible for Mr. *Taſte* to write ill.

L. Airy. Had it been ſung by any Body except that Lady, it would not have bore hearing; for, not to compliment you, Sir, 'tis Nonſenſe from Beginning to End.

Mr. Taſte. The harſheſt Words are Favours, when pronounced by you.

L. Airy. I aſſure you I did not mean them ſo, Sir.

Mr. Old. Oh fye! Lady *Airy*; 'tis being out of the Faſhion to find Fault with Mr. *Taſte*'s Performances: I vow I think the Song was wonderous pretty.

Mrs. Brit. You take the thing quite wrong, Mr. *Oldcaſtle*; her Ladyſhip is cautious of giving the Praiſes due to it, becauſe ſhe is ſenſible it was made upon herſelf.

L. Airy. What have I ever done, Madam, that ſhould give you reaſon to think Mr. *Taſte* durſt preſume to take ſuch a Liberty with me.

Mrs. Brit. Nay, don't be angry; I thought it had been no Secret.

L. Airy. What?

Mrs. Brit. That Mr. *Taſte* made his Addreſſes to your Ladyſhip.

L. Airy. To me, Madam, I hope no-body has been ſo malicious to report ſuch a ſcandalous Falſhood.

Mr. Brit. I heard him ſay ſo himſelf but Yeſterday before a Room full of Company; nay, more he boaſted of having met with a very favourable Reception.

L. Air.

L. Airy. 'Tis dangerous, I find, to be common civil to ſome People: I allowed him indeed the Liberty of hopping about my Rooms ſometimes, becauſe the Folly and Vanity of the Creature diverted me: but for the future, Sir, take care how you mention my Name; or I ſhall order my Footmen to give you due Correction. I ask Pardon of the Company, but can by no means think it proper for me to ſtay longer in any Place where he is:

[*Exit Lady* Airy.

Mr. Old. I doubt, Sir, you have entirely loſt your Miſtreſs; ſhe ſeems very angry: you ſhould have been more cautious till you were ſure of her.

Mr. Taſte. Gad there's no ſuch thing as being ſure of a Woman; they don't know their own Minds two Minutes together: would you believe it? ſhe actually ordered me to bring her the Song, and meet her here; and yet you ſee how rudely ſhe has treated me: but 'tis no great matter ſhe ſhall repent it; for if ſhe ſends fifty times, I'll never be reconciled to her.

Mr. Brit. This is admirable, Ha! ha! ha! why did not you tell her ſo before ſhe went away? perhaps, ſhe would have recanted rather than loſt ſo accompliſh'd a Lover.

Mr. Taſte. Let us talk no more of her, ſhe's the laſt of her Sex that ſhall ever make me think of Matrimony:

Mrs. Brit. Here's a fair Lady capable of making you change that Reſolution immediately, Sir, if ſhe would permit you the Honour of ſighing at her Feet:

Mr. Taſte. That indeed, Madam, would be a glorious Recompence for the loſs of Lady *Airy*.

[*Bowing to* Jenny.

[*Aſide:*

[*Aſide to Mr.* Briton.] What Fortune has ſhe? ſhe's very pretty, but a little ſilly.

Mr. Briton. [*Aſide.*] Thirty thouſand Pounds left her by an Uncle; beſides what her Father will give: I wiſh you had her: my Wife ſhall intercede for you. [*To* Jenny.] I aſſure you, Madam, you have made a Conqueſt: my Friend here is perfectly dying for you; I believe one Frown would kill him outright.

Jenny. They muſt be very cruel, Sir, who could kill ſo deſerving a Gentleman: but I am not vain enough to think I merit any ſhare of his Heart.

Mr. Taſte. Upon my Honour, Madam, you poſſeſs it entirely; I fell in love the moment I ſaw you: and, to tell Your Ladyſhip the Truth, I broke with Lady *Airy* for your ſake.

[*They converſe in Dumb-ſhew.*

Mr. Old. I wiſh Sir *William* was here, this Scene would divert him: the whole Creation cannot match this Fellow for Vanity and Impudence.

Mrs. Brit. Don't be out of humour; but help us on with the Jeſt, I beg you.

Enter Sir William Heartfree.

Sir Will. Ladies, your Servant: ſo, Couſin, I ſee you are engaged already. Mr. *Taſte* engroſſes all the new Beauties to himſelf; but I muſt warn you, Child, he is famous for Inconſtancy, and has broke many a fair Lady's Heart.

[*Mr.* Briton *whiſpers to Sir* William.

Mr. Taſte. Dear Sir *William*, leave off your Mirth, and make uſe of your Intereſt with this Lady in my Behalf; and we are Friends for ever.

Sir Will. If my fair Couſin thinks fit to receive your Addreſſes, I ſhall not be your Enemy, Mr. *Taſte.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Brit. I am ſorry to interrupt ye, Gentlemen; but, if ye deſign to play, 'tis time to begin.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Comp. When you pleaſe, Madam.

Enter Mrs. Careful, Truſty, *and* Dick.

Mrs. Careful. I was ſurpriz'd to ſee you in a ſtrange Livery, Mr. *Richard*; I thought you were gone from your Maſter.

Dick. No, Madam; but he has order'd me to wait on a new Miſtreſs: who ſhe is I know not. Some ſtrange Adventure is on foot, in which I am to act, it ſeems.

Mr. Truſty. Sir *William* has not forſaken Lady *Airy*, I hope, and marry'd this Woman privately.

Dick. No, he calls her Couſin; and yet, to tell you the Truth, I have a ſtrong Notion ſhe is no better than a Strumpet: but that's no Buſineſs of mine, you know, Sir.

Truſty. My Lady has been peeping over my Accompts, and makes heavy Complaints of the Dearneſs of Proviſion, and the great Expence of Houſe-keeping; that deviliſh *French* Woman has quite ſpoil'd her: ſhe was always a little addicted to Covetouſneſs, but now ſhe even grudges the Family Bread. *Madamoiſelle* hunts all the Houſe over to pick up the Ends of Candles; and told the Cook this Morning, he muſt take care of the Dripping: for her Lady would have it dry'd up to change away for Candles, or elſe the Servants ſhould learn to ſit in the dark. Upon which the Cook threw the Dripping-Pan after her, and came to me for his Wages.

Mrs. Careful. I am reſolved to ſtay no longer my ſelf; for, happening to be a little out of order

laſt Night, I did but burn half a Pint of Wine that was left at the bottom of a Bottle; and my Lady told me, I might as well pick her Pocket as take her Wine: that truly, what Wine was left ſhould be mix'd together, and bottled up again.

Dick. And who the Devil muſt drink it?

Mrs. Careful. Her Viſiters, I ſuppoſe, or my Maſter: for I am ſure ſhe'll take care to have better for herſelf.

Dick. She's damnably ſaving at home; and yet I have heard that ſhe ſquanders away a plaguy deal of Money at Cards.

Truſty. Ay, as much in a Week as would keep Houſe a quarter of a Year, to my knowledge.

Mrs. Careful. And yet, when ſhe loſes ſhe falls into moſt indecent Paſſions; ſhe will ſwell till the Lace of her Stays burſts, and ſhe turns black in the Face: when that Fit's over, ſhe generally cries for half an Hour together before all the Company. A certain General-Officer, having won about fifty Pieces of her, was ſo ſurpriz'd at the Sight, that he return'd them again to her.

Dick. And did ſhe take them?

Mrs. Careful. Yes, and came into good-humour in a Minute.

Truſty. This is nothing to what I could tell you; for my part, I muſt deſire my Maſter to look out for another Steward: tho' I love him very well, I cannot ſtay with ſuch a niggardly Termagant as my Lady is.

Mrs. Careful. By my Conſent all the Servants ſhould agree to give Warning at once, and leave her to do her Work herſelf. Come, Mr. *Truſty*, if you and Mr. *Richard* will ſlip into my Chamber, I'll try if I can't give you ſomething that's good, for all this; *Madamoiſelle* is too much hurt with the Dripping-Pan to be able to watch us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *Changes to Sir* William Addle's. *Sir* William *and* Maſqwell.

Sir Will. Where's *Jenny?* that Girl has more Cunning and Dexterity than all the Miniſters of State in *Europe:* never was any Affair carried on better.

Maſq. Faith, Sir, ſhe out-does me a Barr and a half; my Heart began to fail me: the Ladies Tears, and the violent Agony ſhe was in, moved me ſo much, that you ſaw I was forced to leave the Room: I was amazed to ſee you ſtand it ſo well.

Sir Will. Why, I own it touch'd me a little, which *Jenny* perceiving, ſent me after you; but the Colonel held out to the laſt: he put on ſuch a ſorrowful Countenance, that I imagined he was going to ſit for the Picture of Don *Quixotte.* The poor Woman little thinks that he had a hand in the Plot. Well, I pity her; but who would ſtick at any thing that might for ever rid them of a jealous ſcolding Wife, eſpecially when their Heart was engaged to another: Pr'ythee tell me the whole Management.

Maſq. Why, after they came from *Vaux-Hall* my Lady fainted; the Colonel perſwaded *Jenny* to give her a little *Laudanum* amongſt the *Hart's-horn* Drops which were given to bring her to her Senſes: this procured a Sleep, ſhe was put to Bed, and he quickly follow'd. This is all the Account I had; for I ne'er enter'd the Houſe till I went with you to ſurprize them together.

Sir Will. I thought ſhe had given a Promiſe the Day before, *Jenny* told me ſo.

Maſq. I'll tell you how that happen'd; the ſly Baggage work'd her up to a Paſſion, by telling her how fond you were of *Harriot:* and ſhe in a Fury vow'd ſhe would be revenged. *Jenny* laid hold of the Opportunity to introduce the Colonel. He ſaid every thing that might induce her to believe he was at once the moſt tender and reſpectful Lover in the World: the greateſt Favour he pretended to ask was the Journey to *Vaux-Hall*; which at laſt ſhe conſented to. This is the Truth, whatever *Jenny* might ſay to pleaſe you.

Sir Will. Well, 'tis no matter how it came about; I have gain'd my End, and will be grateful to you beyond your Expectation: but muſt injoyn you to be very civil to poor *Jenny*. Your Love is all the future Recompence ſhe asks of me. I know that Love is not to be forced; and if you are tired of her, all I ask is that you would, for my ſake, counterfeit a little to keep her eaſy; ſhe may be uſeful to you many ways.

Maſq. I frankly own, Sir, ſhe is grown perfectly nauſeous to me; I had rather take a Purge than ſit three Minutes in her Company: and yet I know not why. She is at this time upon an Affair by which I have got fifty Guineas already, and ſhall to-morrow receive a hundred more.

Sir Will. May I not have this Piece of ſecret Hiſtory? it muſt be worth hearing, ſince *Jenny* and you are chief Managers.

Maſq. I kept your Secret inviolable, Sir; and 'tis not kind to ask me to betray another.

Sir Will. I ask Pardon, dear *Bob*; but now our Buſineſs is to conſider how I am to get a Divorce: both *Jenny* and you can ſwear ye ſaw them naked in Bed. That I apprehend will do.

Maſq. But how can we anſwer, Sir, certain Interrogatories that we may happen to have put to us?

Sir

Sir Will. Why not?

Maſq. Becauſe you are ſenſible, we know, how it came to paſs.

Sir Will. What then? You'll be ſworn to what you ſaw, not what you know.

Maſq. 'Tis poſſible they may be more inquiſitive than we deſire they ſhould be, Sir.

Sir Will. Then for once you muſt ſtretch your Conſcience, *Bob*; the Tradeſman does it every Day in his Shop when he ſwears his Goods coſt him more than he offers them for: the Parſon thinks it no Simony to let a Brother, a Friend, or a Couſin pay for the Benefice, tho' he knows it all the while; the Stateſman proteſts he would joyfully lay down his Places, if it were not to the Detriment of the Nation; and yet, to his Sorrow, he knows it is the daily Prayer of full three parts on't: then, why ſhould you be ſo nicely ſcrupulous. Come, I have a good Place ready for you, and will make you eaſy: will Conſcience pay your Debts, and ſave you from a Goal? Conſider, a Chariot and good Living is preferrable to Faſting, and fear of Bailiffs.

Maſq. Neceſſity has no Law, Sir; my Qualms will wear off in time: I'll punctually obſerve whatever you pleaſe to command, my Family muſt not ſtarve; and ſince ſome Men of all Profeſſions ſlip in this way, I'll e'en be wiſe, and follow the Faſhion.

Vice now to Wealth and Title is the Road,
And each rank Villain is a Man of Mode.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *Lady* Airy's.

Sir William Heartfree *and Lady* Airy.

Sir Will. WERE we, like the *Antedeluvians*, to live ſeven or eight hundred Years, you might have time to play over all your little teazing Whims: but conſider, Madam, our Date of Life is ſhort; and when once a Woman is turn'd of Thirty they are expected to behave after another manner: you'll ſay you want five or ſix Years of that; and ſo 'tis time enough to think then: but ſure it can never be too ſoon to be ſolidly happy.

L. Airy. I confeſs I have been in the wrong; yet, if you truly lov'd me, you would forbear harſh Reproofs, Sir *William.*

Sir Will. Though I can't, like Mr. *Taſte*, bring myſelf to tell you that you are more beautiful than a *Venus*, and more perfect than all the Graces; yet I love you, Madam, with a Sincerity not often to be met with in this deprav'd Age: as you have a greater ſhare of Senſe than moſt of your Sex are bleſs'd wth; it provokes me that you can deſcend to be guilty of their Follies. Did I love you leſs, I ſhould not deal ſo plainly with you.

L. Airy.

L. Airy. As I have owned my ſelf in a Fault, I expect to hear no more on't, if you deſire we ſhould be Friends.

Sir Will. Then name the Day, and trifle no longer with me; it will be the Buſineſs of my Life to pleaſe you: and as to your Fortune and the Setlement you deſire, direct your own Lawyer to draw up the Writings; I ſhall gladly ſign any thing that may be moſt to your Satisfaction; and for the future, give you convincing Proofs, that a happy Marriage is the moſt deſireable State in this Life.

L. Airy. As I am truly ſenſible that my Intereſt in every reſpect is much ſafer in your Hands than in my own, I leave the Direction of every thing to you; if I can intruſt you with my Perſon, Sir, I will leave my Fortune at your diſpoſal: on theſe Conditions I am yours.

Sir Will. I will thank you, Madam, for this Goodneſs, as it becomes a Man of Honour, by Deeds, not Words. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*] However, I would fain have you be preſent at our Comick Scene, it will be diverting enough to ſee how our *Poetical Fop* will behave under the mortifying Diſappointment.

L. Airy. Oh! with his uſual Impudence nothing can put him out of Countenance; does Mrs. *Briton* go with us?

Sir Will. Yes, ſhe waits for you.

Exit Lady Airy, *and Sir* William Heartfree.

SCENE

SCENE *Changes to* Jenny Wheedle's.

Mr. Taſte *and* Jenny *ſeated.*

Jen. Indeed, Sir, tho' I have a great Reſpect for you, I can't conſent ſo ſoon; it is not decent: for in our Country no Body marries under half a Year's Courtſhip at leaſt.

Mr. Taſte. But my Dear, you muſt follow the Mode of the Court, and forget the Country: Here the niceſt Lady makes no Scruple of marrying the Man ſhe loves, in a Day or two: beſide, you muſt conſider the Danger. Lady *Airy* will ſet all her Friends to perſwade me to a Reconcilement, and tho' I love you a thouſand times better than I do her; yet Importunity and her Tears, may overcome me.

Jen. But, what will my Father and my Couſin *Heartfree* ſay? they will never forgive me.

Mr. Taſte. What need you care, your Fortune is in your own Power, and they will ſoon be reconcil'd; all the Court-Beauties will envy your Happineſs, whom I have treated with Coldneſs. I aſſure you, there is ſcarce one Woman of Fortune of my Acquaintance, who would not think it a greater Honour to be Mrs. *Taſte*, than to be a Dutcheſs.

Jen. I have one Scruple more, Sir; which if you anſwer, I will ſubmit my ſelf entirely to your Direction.

Mr. Taſte. Let us have no more Scruples, my adorable Goddeſs; but permit me to ſend for the Man in Black; we will be married in your own Appartment, that every thing may be done with Privacy.

Jen.

Jenny. It is a Scruple of Conſcience, Sir, I can't conſent to be marry'd, unleſs it be by a Man of my own Religion.

Mr. Taſte. By all means, Madam; be ſo good to tell me what Religion you are of, and I'll provide a Miniſter of the ſame Church immediately.

Jenny: I don't belong to the Church, I am a Diſſenter, Sir; and the Preacher of our Meeting happening to be in Town, I ſhould like to be marry'd by him better than by any body elſe.

Mr. Taſte. But, will not he diſcover the Secret, my Dear?

Jenny. I'll anſwer for that, Sir; he is a very holy Man.

Mr. Taſte. Are you ſure he can be found ſoon? for I am impatient to be yours!

Jenny. I'll ſend a Servant inſtantly; we'll go in and play a Game at *Whisk* to divert the time till he comes.

Mr. Taſte. Any thing to pleaſe my Charmer.

[*Exit Mr.* Taſte *and* Jenny.

SCENE *Mr.* Briton's.

Mrs. Briton, *Lady* Airy, *Sir* William Heartfree, Harry Oldcaſtle, *and Mr.* Briton.

Enter Dick, *who delivers a Letter to his Maſter.*

Sir Will. 'Tis from *Jenny*, who aſſures me all is ready, if I can but ſend ſome body to repreſent a Diſſenting Teacher.

Mr. Briton. Truſty will do it admirably, I'll go and give him proper Inſtructions.

Lady Airy. Pray, Mr. *Oldcaſtle*, be ſo good in the *interim* to give us the Pedigree of Mr. *Taſte*.

Mr. Old. His Father, Madam, was a Farmer; however, he made a ſhift to keep this Son at a Grammar-School: the Lad had always a great Inclination to Poetry, and ſome Gentlemen of Worth happening to ſee his juvenile Performances, took a Fancy to him; and from that time provided for him in a handſome manner, ſparing no Charge in his Education. He behaved with great Modeſty, and wrote ſeveral Things which met with univerſal Applauſe.

Mrs. Briton. I ſhould not have imagined that he ever knew what Modeſty was; it muſt be a great while ago, Sir.

Mr. Old. So long ago that he has entirely forgot it, Madam, as he quickly did the Obligations he owed his Benefactors; for no ſooner did the Town take notice of him, but he began to fancy himſelf a very great Man, and treated thoſe Gentlemen who had rais'd him from nothing with the utmoſt Contempt, taking all the vile methods he could think of to do them Injuries; nay, he was ſo much loſt to Shame, that he wrote a Work on purpoſe to abuſe them.

Lady Airy. This verifies the common Saying, *as crooked in Mind as in Body:* and I have obſerved ſeveral Inſtances of it within my own knowledge; for which reaſon I never could endure to have a deformed Perſon in my Houſe.

Mrs. Briton. They are generally very ingenious; and I have known ſome of them who were exceeding witty.

Lady Airy. There is no Rule without ſome Exception, Madam: but, to return to Mr. *Taſte*; ſure no-body would encourage him after ſuch a manifeſt Act of Ingratitude.

Mr. Old. You miſtake, Madam; thoſe Gentlemen had ſome potent Enemies, who took him into their

their Favour for no other Reaſon: and the Town being naturally fond of Scandal, his Works were well received. He has gone on ever ſince abuſing every-body in their Turn, till he has render'd himſelf the Averſion of all good Men.

Lady Airy. And yet he is received every-where with Civility.

Mr. Old. He has a good deal of ready Wit, and People laugh at the ridiculous Pictures he draws of others, without conſidering 'twill be their own Turn the next Company he comes into.

Mrs. Briton. I wonder he don't get himſelf kick'd.

Mr. Old. That's a Compliment has been pay'd him ſeveral times, Madam.

Lady Airy. I don't find that Correction has cauſed any Amendment in him.

Mr. Old. Not in the leaſt, Madam; but it is out of his power to do any more Hurt: for, when a Lampoon comes out People immediately cry, *'tis a Lie of* Taſte's. If he rails at an Author, every-body is convinc'd he muſt be a Man of Learning and Merit; if he throws a Blemiſh on a Lady's Fame, 'tis a ſtanding Proof that ſhe's virtuous. None of his Works for theſe ſeven Years paſt has deſerved an Anſwer.

Mrs. Briton. I am ſure we have reaſon to be glad that he has lied beyond a poſſibility of being believ'd; for I'll engage he'll lampoon every Mortal that had a hand in this Affair.

Lady Airy. That's beyond a Queſtion; but methinks, Mr. *Briton* is a long time dreſſing up *Truſty*.

Re-enter Mr. Briton.

I began to be impatient, Sir; is Sir *Domine* gone?

Mr. Brit. Juſt a going, and looks ſo much like an *Independent* Holder-forth, that I have almoſt kill'd myſelf with laughing.

Enter Madamoiſelle.

Madam. Dare is a Damoiſel below dat ask for Monſieur *Oldcaſtle.*

Harry Old. For me! who can it be? I cannot gueſs.

Madam. Nor I nader, Sire; but ſhe is a little out of de Order.

Lady Airy. What, is ſhe ſick?

Madam. No, my Lady.

Mrs. Briton. Why don't you bring the Gentlewoman up-ſtairs? You know that any Friend of Mr. *Oldcaſtle* is welcome.

Madam. She is no able to get up de ſtair; ſhe canno ſtand, Madam.

Harry Old. Permit me to go down, and ſee who it is, Madam? I ſuſpect ſome Trick.

[*He ſpeaks confuſedly.*

Lady Airy. For that very reaſon we will not truſt you down, Sir.

Mr. Briton. Pray, Ladies, ſuffer him to go; it may be Buſineſs of conſequence.

Mrs. Briton. We are poſitive not to let him go; Ha, ha, ha! Bring up the Lady, don't you hear me? [*to* Madamoiſelle.

Madam. Den I muſt order de Footman to do it; for I am no able to carry de Woman, indeed.

[*He ſtrives to go, they hold him.*

Lady Airy. This is a Day dedicated to Mirth; pray, Mr. *Oldcaſtle,* don't be aſham'd of your Miſtreſs; we'll treat her civilly for your ſake.

Enter

Enter Betty Puff *ſupported by a Servant.*

Mrs. Briton. Help the Gentlewoman into an Arm-Chair, you ſee ſhe is indiſpoſed. [*Servant ſeats her.*] Go about your Buſineſs, *Madamoiſelle* will take care of her. Do you know the Lady, Sir? [*to Mr.* Oldcaſtle.

Harry Old. Yes, Madam; but it is not kind to inſult me.

Lady Airy. If you will put off that grave Face, and laugh as well as we, you ſhall never hear more on't.

Mrs. Briton. She is really pretty, but I am at a loſs to gueſs how ſhe came into this horrid Condition? is it cuſtomary?

Harry Old. I never ſaw her ſo before.

Lady Airy. Where has ſhe been?

Harry Old. I'll tell you the plain Truth, Ladies, Sir *John Paraquette* brought his Miſtreſs to viſit her; and I, like a Fool, ſuffer'd her to go out with that vile Woman.

Lady Airy. You was very much to blame; if you ſeduced her from Virtue yourſelf, you ſhould not bring ſuch Wretches to teach her all manner of Evil: I am concern'd to ſee her.

Mrs. Briton. Who knows what Company ſhe has been carry'd into?

Harry Old. Well, it will cure me of keeping for the future; I'll ſettle a little Maintenance on her, and ſend her to board in the Country: and, if ever you hear I trip again, Ladies, laugh me to death, if you pleaſe. I think ſhe's fal'n faſt aſleep.

Mr. Briton. I'll try. [*He pulls her gently.*] Madam, Madam.

Betty. Indeed, my Lord, I can't drink a Drop more. Where's Madam *Con?* [*Starting up.*] I won't be kiſs'd and pull'd ſo. [*She nods again.*

Mrs.

Mrs. Briton. You may eaſily gueſs what ſort of Company ſhe has been in; let her be laid on a Bed till ſhe recovers. [*She's carried out.*

Mr. Briton. 'Tis time we were going to Mrs. *Wheedle*'s.

Sir Will. I beg Pardon, Ladies, for my Silence; but, as Mr. *Briton* and I were unacquainted with the Subject you were engaged in, we took the liberty to talk over our own Affairs.

Mrs. Briton. Madamoiſelle, pray order Hackney-Coaches to the Door.

Madam. They wait, Madam. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE *changes to* Jenny Wheedle's.

Mr. Taſte, Jenny, *and* Truſty *in a Cloak and Band.*

Truſty. It doth not become a Teacher to marry a young Woman without the Conſent of her Parents.

Mr. Taſte. This Lady's Caſe, with Submiſſion, Sir, is different from others.

Truſty. I know what you would ſay; becauſe the Fortune is in her own hand ſhe may diſpoſe on't to whom ſhe pleaſes: but I ſay, Sir, her Perſon is the Property of her Father, and if ſhe parts with it without his Leave ſhe is guilty of a Robbery.

Mr. Taſte. [*Aſide.*] Provoking, ſtupid, canting Prig, he'll preach me out of my Senſes; I find I muſt apply the golden Specifick, or loſe the Fortune. [*to him.*] Granting all this, Sir, I hope it is your Opinion, that of two Evils the leaſt is to be choſen.

Truſty.

Truſty. Certainly; but 'tis neceſſary that we ſhould avoid all Evil.

Jenny. But Sir, ſince both our Hearts are ſo firmly engaged that it will cauſe our Deaths to part, is not two Murders a greater Evil than marrying without Leave?

Mr. Taſte. This is our Caſe, Sir; and I flatter myſelf that ſo pious a Gentleman as you are will take Pity on us. [*Gives him a Purſe.*

Truſty. [*Pauſes.*] Let me ſee; ſince it is the ſaving of two Lives I muſt conſent, on Condition that you give it me under both your Hands, that you could not have ſurvived the being parted.

Mr. Taſte. [*Aſide.*] I wiſh the fooliſh Ceremony was fairly over, and the Parſon at the Devil. [*to him.*] Write what you pleaſe, Sir, I am ready to ſign; and ſhall always acknowledge the Obligation.

Truſty. What ſay you, Madam? will you ſign it?

Jenny. Yes, Sir, and return you many Thanks.

Truſty writes. We, *Alexander Taſte*, Eſq; and *Jane Wheedle*, Spinſter, do certify under our Hands and Seals, that if Mr. *Obadiah Whinewell* had refuſed to joyn our Hands in Matrimony, we were fully reſolved not to ſurvive this Day out; which was the ſole Reaſon that induced the ſaid Mr. *Whinewell* to conſent to our Requeſt.

Witneſs our Hands. *Jane Wheedle,*
Alexander Taſte.

Truſty. You deliver this to me as your Act and Deed.

Both. We do, Sir. [*They deliver him the Paper.*

Mr. Taſte. Now, Sir, I hope you willl no longer delay my Happineſs.

Truſty.

Truſty. No longer than I have ask'd you ſome proper Queſtions. Take the Woman by the Hand, and ſtand before me.

[*Juſt as he has placed them in Form, Sir* William Heartfree, *Lady* Airy, *Mr. and Mrs.* Briton, *with* Harry Old-caſtle, *enter the Room.*

Lady Airy. I find you were poſitively reſolved to break my Heart, Mr. *Taſte*; therefore, I muſt deſire this Reverend Gentleman to proceed no farther till he has heard what I have to ſay.

Mr. Taſte. Your Ladyſhip may pleaſe to remember the Treatment you gave me before all this Company; and not endeavour to prejudice me in the Opinion of this Lady: I hope, Sir *William* will be more generous than to oppoſe my Happineſs.

Sir Will. Not in the leaſt, Sir, I do aſſure you; ſo far from it, that I heartily wiſh you Joy.

Mrs. Briton. We all wiſh you and the Lady much Happineſs, on Condition you invite us to the Wedding.

Mr. Taſte. Though I deſign'd to have kept it ſecret for ſome time, on account of the Lady's Father, I am proud of the Honour you do me, and am perſuaded that no-body here will ſpeak of it till a proper time.

Truſty. I am glad ſo many Perſons of Worth are to be preſent, it will juſtify me; and I muſt deſire their Hands to this Paper which this Couple have ſign'd. [*Gives the Paper to Sir* William.] Pray read it aloud, Sir, that all the Company may know the Contents.

[*Sir* William *reads. They all laugh.*

Mr. Briton. I could not have believ'd it poſſible for two People to be ſo violently ſmitten in ſo ſhort

ſhort a ſpace, if I had not heard this read.
[*Laughing.*

Mr. Taſte. This is a very improper Time for Laughter; and ſince I find your coming here was with a Deſign to affront me, I muſt beg the Favour of your Abſence.

Mr. Old. What ſort of a Parſon have we here? methinks, he mightily reſembles Mr. *Truſty* your Steward. [*to Mr.* Briton.

Truſty. The very ſame, at your Service, Sir.
[*Pulling off the Cloak and Band.*

Lady Airy. Bleſs me! I did not think Mr. *Taſte* could have been ſo baſe to put a Counterfeit-Parſon upon the Lady. [*They all laugh,* Taſte *looks in great Confuſion.*

Jenny. I aſſure your Ladyſhip it was none of his Fault; for the Doctor is of my own chuſing: however, it was not kind of you to interrupt my Love and I till the Ceremony was over; Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Taſte. If you had had no Regard for me, Sir *William* might have had ſome for his own Relation.

Sir Will. I proteſt, Sir, the Lady is an entire Stranger to me.

Mr. Taſte. Did you not call her Couſin? [*to her.*] Pray, Madam, who may you be? for I perceive I am trick'd every way.

Jenny. The Damage is not great, Sir, ſince we are not actually marry'd; for tho' I am by Birth the Daughter of a Taylor, and by Occupation a Servant, I would have made choice of a Foot-Soldier for a Husband rather than you, for fear our Children ſhould have reſembled Baboons, Ha, ha, ha!

Lady Airy. O poor Mr. *Taſte!* this is a dreadful Miſtake, indeed.

Mrs. Briton. A terrible Diſappointment, Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. Taſte. I ſhall take a full Revenge on you all for this baſe Act; and in the mean while I muſt begin with my intended Spouſe.

[*Goes to lay hold of her, Mr.* Briton *interpoſes.*

Mr. Briton. You ſhall not touch her, Sir; and for your vow'd Revenge we laugh at that: for the future let me adviſe you to leave off your Vanity and behave, as it becomes you, with Diſtance and Modeſty to your Betters; forbear to aſperſe Peoples Characters, and every body will be willing to forget your paſt Follies: your Works be read with Pleaſure, and your Perſon reſpected.

Sir Will. Conſider that you brought all this upon your ſelf by your Boaſting and inſolent Behaviour to Lady *Airy*: ſhe in return aſſign'd you this Puniſhment; and if you think fit to put on good Humour, and acknowledge your Fault, the Story ſhall go no farther.

FINIS.

PLAYS *and* PAMPHLETS.

1. THE MARRIED PHILOSOPHER: A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*. By a Gentleman of the *Temple*. Price 1*s*. 6*d*.

2. The MODERN HUSBAND. A Comedy. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-lane*, By *Henry Fielding*, Esq; Price 1*s*. and 6*d*.

3. The DEVIL to PAY; or, the Wives metamorphos'd. An Opera. As it is perform'd at the Theatres. The Third Edition. Price 6*d*.

4. DAMON and PHILLIDA; A new Ballad-Opera. As it is Acted by the Companies of Comedians at the Theatres. Price 6*d*.

5. CALISTA. An Opera. As it was design'd to have been performed at one of the Theatres. Dedicated to her Grace the Dutchess of *Queensbury* and *Dover*. The Second Edition Revised and Corrected by the Author's Original Manuscript. Price 1*s*. 6*d*.

6. LOVE a la mode: or, the Amours of *Florella* and *Phillis*. Being the Memoirs of two celebrated Ladies under those Names: in which the whole Circle of modern Gallantry is display'd. Containing particularly, the Life of *Florella* from the time the *Atalantis* leaves her. Her Marriage to Lord *Gratian*. Her Intrigues after his Death. Her keeping an *Irish* Secretary who could not write. Her Marriage, and extraordinary Proposal to ——— who she fell in love with at the Masquerade. Her Amour with the Duke of *W*——*n*. An original Song by the Duke. Her Husband's Treatment of her. A Song on that Occasion by

Mr. *K——n*. The Family of *Phillis*. Her being ſtole by Mr. *D——th* of the *Temple*. Her Flight. Her Amour with Mr. *D——ch* who kill'd himſelf. ——— with G——l *W——b*. ——— Col. *J——n*. Her manner of meeting with L——— *L——rn*. ———Remarkable Trial for a Settlement. Her Marriage, Misfortunes, and Death. Price 1*s*.

7. Authentick Memoirs of the Conduct and Adventures of *Henry St. John*, late Viſcount *Bolingbroke*; containing all his Negotiations and Proceedings from his firſt Entrance into the Miniſtry to the preſent Times: interſpers'd with ſeveral diverting and entertaining Adventures which befel him in the Courſe of his Amours; with ſeveral Parallels between the Adminiſtration at that time and the preſent. *Here, Maſters, here's God bleſs the King, and ſend him better Counſellors*——No Mortimer *for me. It is a ſhame the Nation ſhould any longer be impos'd upon.* Fall of MORTIMER. Price 1*s*.

8. The Life of *Philip*, late Duke of *Wharton*, interſpers'd with ſeveral authentick Inſtances, both private and political; never before made publick. Price 1*s*.

9. Memoirs of the Life and Conduct of *William Pulteney*, Eſq; Repreſentative in Parliament for the Borough of *Heyden* in *Yorkſhire*. Price 1*s*.

10. Memoirs of the Maritime Affairs of *Great-Britain*, eſpecially in relation to our Concerns in the *Weſt-Indies*. By the late *John Pullen*, Eſq; Governor of *Bermudas*. To which is added, Captain *Pan*'s Short View of *Spaniſh America*; *viz*. its Navigation, the Extent, Quality, Riches, and Trade of his Catholick Majeſty's Dominions there. Price 1*s*. 6*d*.